MASMID

JUNE ★ ★ ★ 1942

YESHIVA COLLEGE

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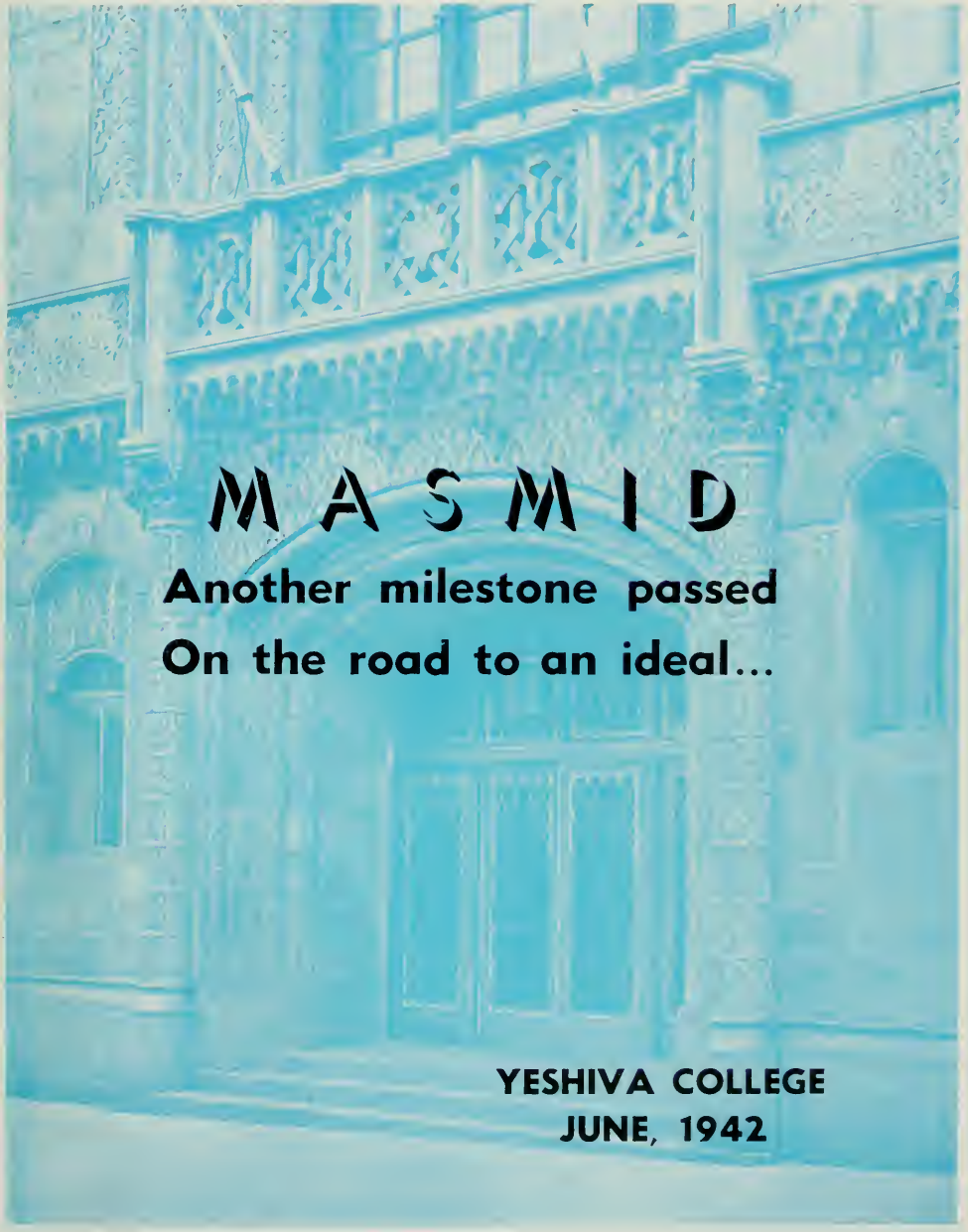


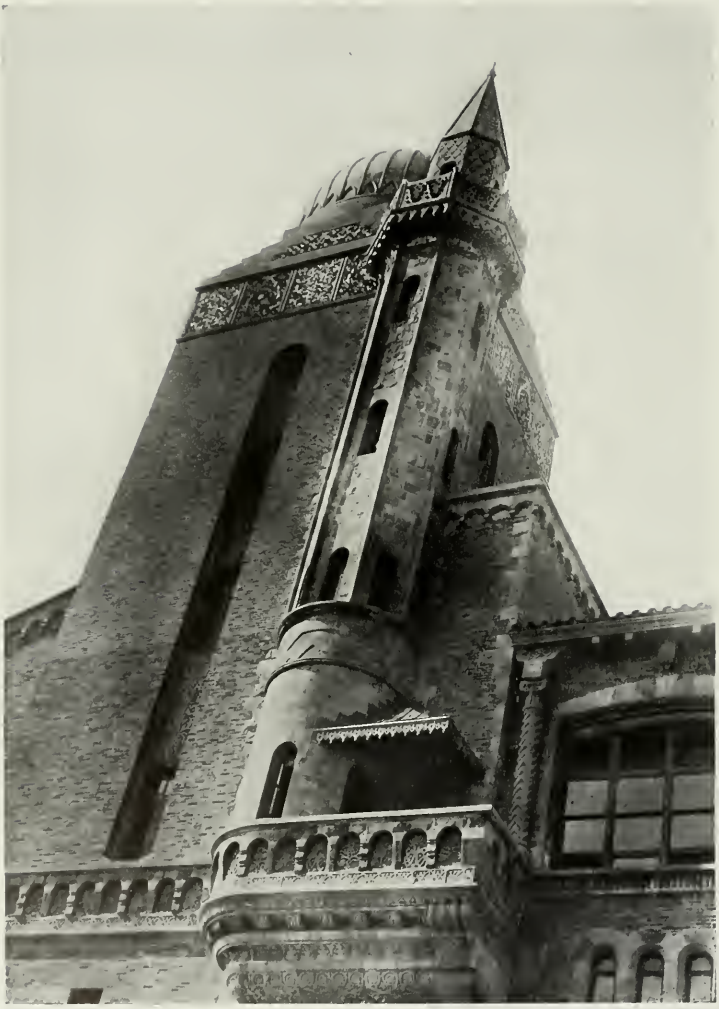
MASMID

Another milestone passed

On the road to an ideal...

YESHIVA COLLEGE

JUNE, 1942



¶ This issue of Masmid marks the turning point in the history of Yeshiva. Behind us are the numerous disappointments and heartaches that are synonymous with growth. Ahead lies a brilliant future, growing ever more clear as the years advance. Heralding this new dawn of Yeshiva has been a devoted and faithful group which bound its future with that of Yeshiva—striving tirelessly and unselfishly for the attainment of its noble ideal. ¶ To you who represent the realization of a hope and a dream; to you, future guides of the destiny of Yeshiva, imbued with the ageless principles of our eternal Torah; to you—the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF YESHIVA COLLEGE, future torchbearers of Orthodoxy in America whose ranks we are happy and proud to join today — we dedicate this Masmid.

●

SOCIAL HALL

DINING ROOM

SENIORS

1942

YESHIVA COLLEGE

Class of 1942 SIDNEY REISS President MELVIN ROSSMAN Vice-President

Young Man of '42

You are sitting near the window, gazing idly at the rushing whirls and eddies of passers by, when suddenly you espy him. There is nothing unusual in his appearance —he being of medium height and youngish appearance (not over twenty-one, you think); yet there is something about his stooped shoulders and intent glance that enthralls your attention.

Is his appearance all that attracts your eye? Yes . . . no . . . there it is! It's the black scullcap plastered onto the back of his dark hair. Now everything is clear. He is the Yeshiva College graduate. Now you know that he does differ from his fellow pedestrians: they are merely going, but he is going somewhere. He has a goal and a purpose in life, and that goal is the advancement of his Jewish religion and American nation.

Oh, of course you know full well that his curious combination of enthusiasm, and idealism, and knowledge will lead him into many a scrape. Countless times will he sally forth to do battle with all the gleaming corruption that he finds around him, only to return with shattered lance and bedraggled banner. His lances must be shattered upon windmills during his Quixotic adventures because the producers of wind are the chieftains and high priests of the people.

But you also feel that as long as he exists as a type; not only exists, but grows stronger and greater with each passing year, decency will prevail.

Turn the pages, then, and observe the crucible wherein he is molded: see him in the embryo; watch him while he poses in robes of state or disports in the light of relaxation. Observe carefully and mark well, for here is the Yeshiva man of 42.

MORRIS CHERNOFSKY

BROOKLYN N. Y.

Budding genius
In mathematics
Delights in mental
Acrobatics.

GEORGE COHEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

He says the Rabbinate's his mission,
He swears it is his life's ambition.
If so, why does this politician
Waste his time as a mathemagician?

RABBI CHAIM DENBURG

MONTREAL, CANADA

Hebraist, grammarian,
Whose graduation
Follows on the heels
Of ordination.

DAVID EISEN

NEW YORK CITY

One of Yeshiva's
Nicest creatures,
Converses in Polish
With all his teachers.

JOSEPH ELGART

BRONX, N. Y.

Miraculous set shot,
Terrific left hook,
A gorgeous physique
And a cheery outlook.

MORRIS EPSTEIN

NEWARK, N. J.

Tall and sandy, blue eyed dandy,
Actor, handy with the pen.
Mild and mellow, well liked fellow,
Morris Epstein, P. O. N.

HAROLD ESTERSON

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Only man in history
Who actually kissed a bea;
Sacrificed a tricky knee
To lead his team to victory.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

HARTFORD CONN.

Talmud's the first love
Of Hartford's Fink
But his knowledge of Bio
Makes us blink.

EMANUEL FISCHER

NEW YORK CITY

If people roar with splitting sides.
Or shake with laughter on the ground.
'Tis ample evidence to show
That Manny Fischer's been around.

JEROME FISHMAN

BRONX, N. Y.

Co-op sets a wicked pace,
He's busy as a beaver,
Yet he's found time to catch a trace
Of secretary fever.

THEODORE FRANKEL

FREE CITY OF DANZIG

Likeable guy
From Danzig's free city
Waltzed thru the Beth Medrash
And now's sitting pretty.

ALEXANDER FRIEDMAN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Handsome Alex
Came to Y. C.
To get his smicha
And earn his degree.

BERNARD GELBART

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Brooklyn Bernie's
Set for life
B.A., smicha
And a lovely wife.

EZRA GELLMAN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Earnest Ezzie's
Greatest ambition
Is to keep up his family's
Zionist tradition.

JACK HERMAN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Baritone from Brooklyn way
Teaches Hebrew every day.
Sports a wardrobe very gay
And drives a gorgeous Chevrolet.

PHILIP HOROWITZ

NEW YORK CITY

This genius sartorial
Has a gift Barrymorial.
Great skill oratorial
And hopes senatorial.

IRVING JARET

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A basketeer
Opponents fear—
Irv deserves
A great big cheer.

ELIYAHU KANOVSKY

WINNIPEG, CANADA

Winnipeg's wonder
Came to Y. C.
As part of the
Good Neighbor policy.

ABRAHAM KARP

BRONX, N. Y.

Take a moment to harp
On the grades of Abe Karp
If you don't maintain
That fish sharpens the brain.

ABRAHAM KOOLYK

NEWARK, N. J.

From Newark, New Jersey
Hails this studeat.
A scholarly fellow,
He's quiet and prudeat.

MILTON KRAMER

BROOKLYN N. Y.

Brooklyn's Bim
Is very active
And to the females
Quite attractive.

PAUL LEVOVITZ

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Son of a Rabbi,
It's his desire
To follow the footsteps
Of his illustrious sire.

HENRY MARGOLIS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Chaucer and sports
And a humorous touch
Combine in a mixture
We like very much.

DAVID MASSIS

CINCINATTI OHIO

Likeable chap
From America's Rhine.
Athlete and Shomer
And Talmudist fine.

HYMAN MEDETSKY

BRONX, N. Y.

Hy's time's well spent
We all agree
Young Israel, Talmud
And Philosophy.

DAVID MILLER

BALTIMORE, MD.

Clicks a mean shutter,
Swims a mean pool,
Throws a mean line
And is nobody's fool.

DAVID MIRSKY

BROOKLYN N. Y.

A debator of note,
An actor of fame,
Now lacks his appendix
But still looks the same.

RABBI MOSHE REGUER

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

This clergyman is married,
Has sired a husky son,
But now at graduation
He feels Life's just begun.

OSCAR REICHEL

BROOKLYN N. Y.

Popular guy,
Agudah leader,
His grades will show
That he's a world beater.

SIDNEY REISS

BROOKLYN N. Y.

When Sid's
A-doin',
Things
Are brewin'.

SAMUEL ROSENBLUM

BRONX N. Y.

If he were but two inches taller,
The Blue and White's best basketballer
Would have made his humble name
One of the greatest in the game.

JULIUS ROSENTHAL

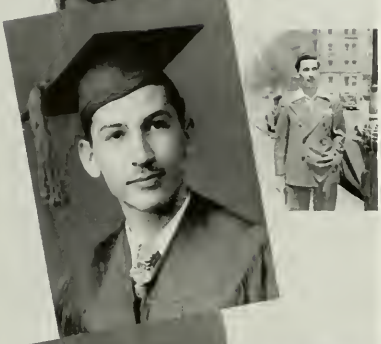
BALTIMORE MD.

Baltimore's pride,
A crackerjack editor,
Translating a novel
To pay off a creditor.

MELVIN ROSSMAN

DENVER, COL.

Mustached Mel
From way out west,
The American hero
At his best.



HARRY SAMSON

BALTIMORE, MD.

Artist and craftsman
And technically clever,
Was harried by illness
But now strong as ever.

JULIUS SEIDEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Folks, meet Brooklyn's Julie Seiden,
Social minded, law abidin'.
A bit part actor well nigh peerless,
A fire fighter, forte and fearless.

REUBEN SIEGEL

BALTIMORE, MD.

Baltimore's Ruby
Wasted his looks
On Eco. Debating
And history books.

DAVID SOFER

NEW YORK CITY

Davey's life's
Become quite drab,
Spends day and night
In the chemistry lab.

JOSEPH SOKOLOW

COLCHESTER, CONN.

Patience eternal, labors nocturnal,
Feelings fraternal, both in- and external.
Tapped off by this colonel so sweetly paternal
Made up this infernal rag we call our journal.

MORRIS SUKENIK

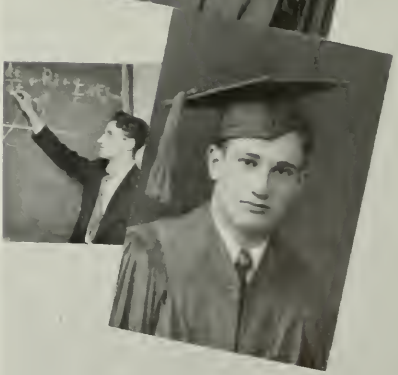
BROOKLYN N. Y.

Wants to change the system
We all are suffering under;
Trying very hard to steal
Some of Trotsky's thunder.

BENJAMIN WELBER

BROOKLYN N. Y.

A peek at his record
Would convey
The fact that Ben's alphabet
Stops at A.



ALFRED WIESEL

BRONX, N. Y.

Should you see an artist
At work at his easel
While flanked by three girl friends,
'Twill doubtless be Wiesel.

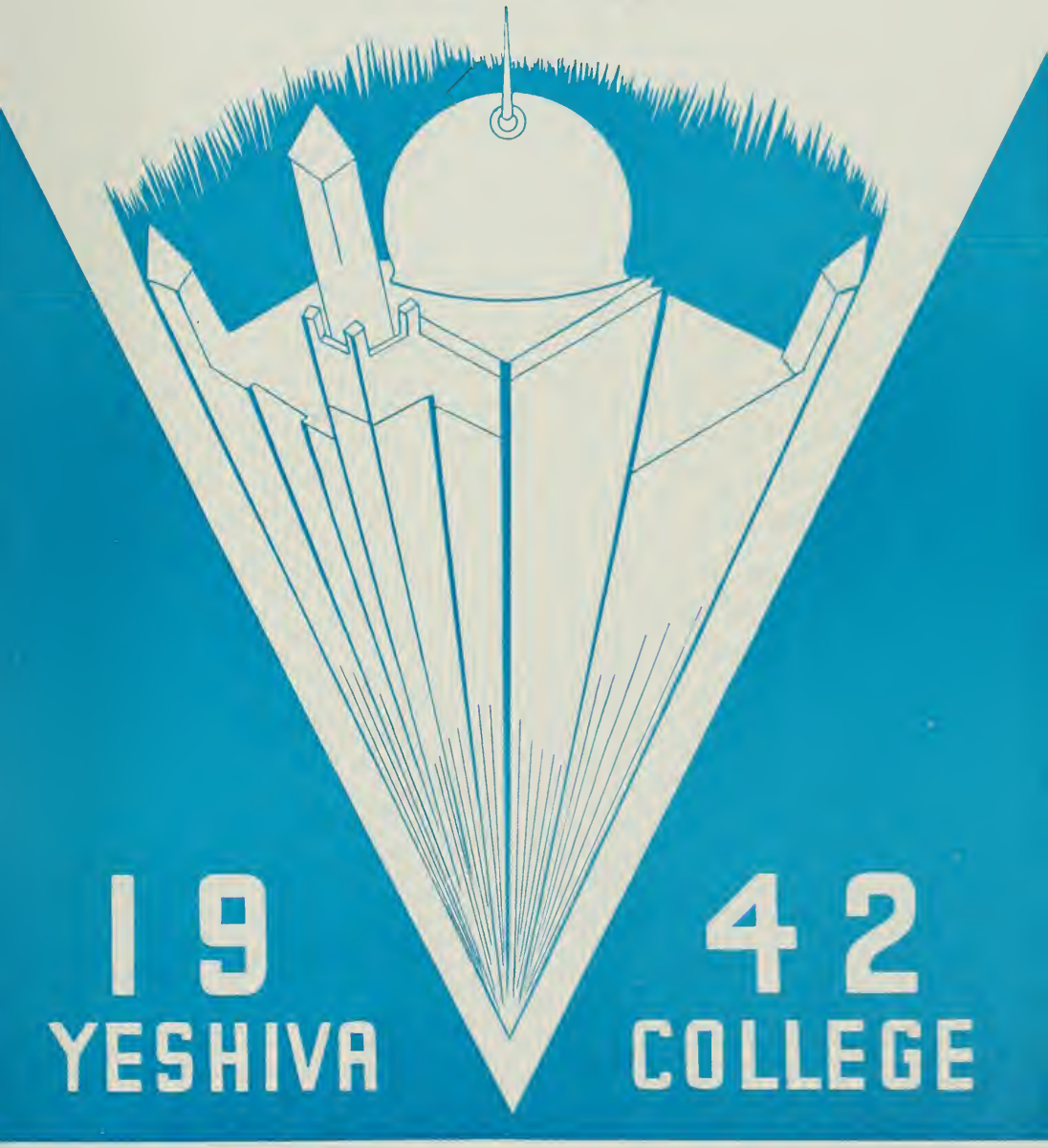
MARTIN ZION

READING, PA.

Gentleman, scholar.
What more need we say
Of the handsomest product
Of Reading Pa?

Candids by David Miller

HISTORY



FRESHMAN YEAR

I remember, I remember
One September morn
We filed from the Bursar's den
And the "'42 Men" were born . . .

The powers that be take one look at us—and a three-man Executive Committee is rushed into being . . . Drs. Isaacs, Churgin and Belkin . . . Mrs. Levitan meets us with outstretched palm, and we go forth to be stripped of our shirts and pants by the good Doc Swick . . . statistics reveal that we're a cosmopolitan lot hailing from Egypt, Winnipeg, Danzig, Denver, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Connecticut, and the Bronx . . . and of course our Baltimorons . . . We are welcomed by a smoker screen laid by the Poel Hamizrachi . . . Our difficulties with the faculty begin . . . Prof. Ginsburg's famous: "And what was your father's name, Esterson?" . . . we're finally stumped by a problem . . . no, not math, but which is the front and which is the back of Yukey's fabulous headgear . . . Eli Levine, the mighty atom, redistributes atoms and presto—one baby girl . . . we can't decide whether to call her Ethyl or Ester . . . we are presented with empirical evidence that acetone is explosive even "under the carefully controlled conditions under which I will perform this experiment. Don't worry, Gutman, nothing will happen." B-O-O-M! . . . His theme song: "I didn't know what time it was." As the hall clock takes a cue and speeds up . . . Those with more intestinal fortitude take physics and Lo an' behold it takes them . . . with true poetic fervor Prof. Shelley Sa-fires the boys with an appreciation of Galen . . . we learn that it's cricket to picket as Mickey Mouse's big brother makes a personal appearance opposite the Social Hall . . . Reuben Siegel has a slight Southern accent . . . Mr. Irving Linn makes us "fellows" earn our heritage by the sweat of our notes . . . We spend an uneasy year in occupied France, done up Braun . . . although some have the pleasure of discovering that not all German Rosenbergs are Aryan philosophers . . . "V" is for Victoria as we trip the light fantastic and break the Loan Fund and Mirsky's allowance for the next three years . . . His creditors see to it that his

depleted financial condition does not deprive him of entertainment . . . "Margy" Margolis and Moish Epstein counsel the Council . . . We de-pantserize the jittery juniors as the dorm supervisor tries hopefully to tear his hair out . . . Doc Hurwitz mechanizes our gym class with bikes, rubber tires and all, pre-priorities you know . . . Our speech, which we thought would click, did, but is stamped n. g. by Prof. Damon . . . Hesh Esterson, Irv Jaret, and Sam Rosenblum start a four year major on the basketball team as they pop in some long shots for good old Y. C. . . . Our first Class Nite presentation — with" Menachem Mendel" Fischer and "Itzik" Jaret going into the Shadchan business . . . We get up the creek at Tibbet's Brook as we proclaim "Fares for the Fair's sake" . . . Class Nite II, featuring an hilarious pot-pourri of song, dance, and snappy chatter by the Furious Frosh makes us an A-1 artistic success; yet by virtue of mere 'intellect' the subtle seniors win again. But onward, onward through muck and mire. Hy a Muck! . . . Writing heads for Commy gives us sleepless nights, and Yus Rosenthal fifteen bucks via the Feuerstein Award (boy was he happy until his creditors formed a double line) . . . Mickey exhumes the humor from the exchange papers to ghost write a 'Jest in Fun' colyum for Jerry Kestenbaum's by-line. But who are we to talk! Hy'a Mire! . . . Koolyk is also a member of the class . . . The '42 Men earn the name as Rabbi Reguer begets Gabriel and we listen to a speech on 'Today, I am A Father' . . . Another old proverb is changed when the people who live in Glass Houses plead with us not to throw—cigar butts at the usherettes . . . One night is all we need to convince our teacher, an "Ish Sar," that we have not 'mislayed' our 'Prov-

erbs'; we DO know more than his "bebby . . ."

Our Freshman year
Whatta life, what joys,
But hold on-it's only
The beginning, boys! . . .

SOPHOMORE YEAR

In Fate's hands
We're all now tools.
Half wise men
And half fools . . .

Commy sees red as two Sophs break all precedents by joining the governing board, fulfilling our motto, if we can't bend 'em, we break them . . . Rosenthal is news-editor, Karp, sports-editor . . . Morrie Epstein and Joe Sokolow go to the head of the class . . . the Executive Committee issues an Emancipation Proclamation from their suite of tables at Harry's—no classes after 7:30—P.M. for sane people, and A.M. for science majors . . . Linn acquires a Sophomore

English class, and takes a wife to help with the themes . . . We have our first "real" smoker with Sid Reiss doing a take off on the Gypsy, Oscar Reichel dispensing risque stories and Menachem Mendel uncovering his famous "Muchacha" . . . Dramatic Society revived by some of the '42 Men . . . Muni and Tracy get the jitters . . . Prof. Robert Calvin Whitford flops florry for a six dollar joke . . . We learn English doing crossword puzzles . . . Oscar Reichel tries to find his place in the world as he takes over the Lost and Found Dept. . . . P.O.N. takes over the Publicity Bureau and holds the fort until Sherman returns from Georgia . . . Hesh leaves the Varsity, and by coincidence we cop the basketball intramurals . . . Progressive Articularization is the keyword as we learn that we can toss wisecracks while becoming scientific politicians and political scientists . . . we get the weekly History exams that Prof. Brody is noted for, but they prove easy once we discover that they're in the bag . . . The Spry Sophs take over the Minyan one bright morning, with Rabbis Kramer, Miller, Seiden and Reichel officiating . . . All agree it was a huge success, and should be repeated —every four years . . . so dere I was at the Class Nite . . . what was I doing at Class Nite? . . . cheering squad is formed, and Samson, Fisher and Reiss yell their brains out in adulation of Sadie — Sadie the

feineh, Sadie the gitte, etc. etc. . . . We play L. I. U.—and the cheering squad blows its brains out . . . we ring out the old year and try to ring in the new on the phone, but the booth is too small . . . Jelgart stuffs the ballots in the election of "Sadie" . . . Floch flows in from Vienna, and flays the boys with a flow of fluid Latin . . . Levovitz is also a member of the class . . . we take Hygiene "down dere" with Major Freed and find that one must stoop to conquer . . . the first Varsity Show blows in with March—again all honors go to the Class of '42 for the writing and acting . . . Rube Siegel has a heavy Southern accent . . . The audience devours the 'Wolves' (with a special curtain call' by J. Wallace Seiden) as the boys put on wig: and fight for freedom and Harold Poliakoff . . . Dr. Belkin wins our further plaudits as he states: the assignment for the next session, skip the next chapter . . . "Margy's" short stories make the rounds, eliciting the comment, "Oh! Henry."

It seems so odd
How fast time's gone.
Some fleeting hours
—And we're half done.

JUNIOR YEAR

The world is ours to have and hold
No longer we Fate's chess men.
We fought our way, we won, we won—
Now we're upper classmen

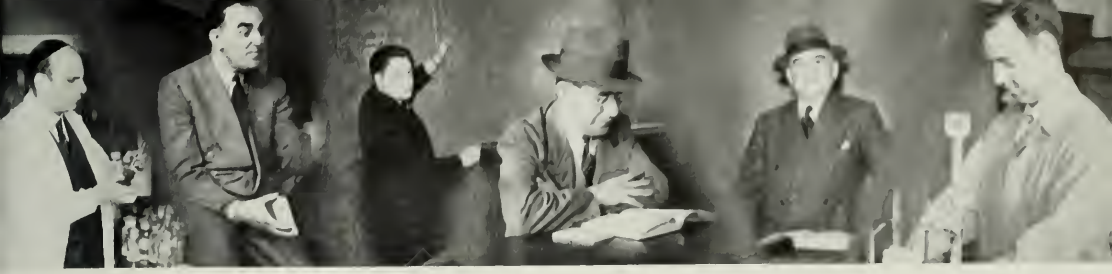
Reading Pa. proclaims a special day to commemorate the ascendency of her favorite son, Marty Zion—to the presidency of our class . . . Denver does likewise for Mel Rossman who holds down vice . . . Mickey Kramer, the Bensonhurst bon-vivant, fills his father's pants and the Athletic Manager's shoes . . . he juggles basketballs and books to write down Yeshiva's most successfull basketball season . . . Dave Sofer discovers a bomb inside the building . . . like most other local bombs, it turns out to be a dud . . . Proletarians! the day of days arrives . . . with fast beating hearts and whirling heads we enter the sanctum sanctorum . . . it lives up to everything we heard of it . . . we are awed, amazed, stupified, repremanded, cajoled into believing that "to know that you know not is half

knowledge . . . We seek vainly for the other half in our other classes . . . we agree that Yeshiva without Litman is like blintzes without sour cream, or like hari without kari . . . Seiden presides over Maimonides Health Club . . . kerchoo . . . Seigel has a terrific Southern accent . . Friedman is also a student . . . So is Eisen . . . Health service runs short of medicos so '42 men-in-white play doctor with the frosh and examine them for reflexes—and—do you have a sister, is she pretty? . . . recruiting for Yeshiva's water-polo squad and crew goes full blast, with unsuspecting Frosh looking for the Y. C. colors on the Harlem . . . world Jewry joins us in our deep grief and sorrow as we mourn the loss of our beloved and revered president, Dr. Bernard Revel of sainted memory . . . Pysch. has many surprises for us . . . long live Gestalt! . . . and Doc. Luchins . . . Einstellung takes over as we learn how to break frames of reference . . . our motto is, if we can't bend 'em, we'll break 'em . . . H M S (His Majesty's Subject) Plotnick comes to U. S. as part of the bases-destroyer swap—we're base and he destroys . . . "Commy" becomes a forty-two organ as Sokolow and Reiss join the Governing Board . . . "Very Warm For May" gets a warm ovation—our way of paying for the tickets . . . Ben Welber heads math club . . . but takes his stiff problems to Camp Deal to master during the summer . . . it's Art for credit's sake as we go out with the lights . . . to Abby it's art for business sake, as the registrar's office, secretary and all, moves to old art room . . . or is it art for Artstein's sake? . . . we make after-dinner speeches in 1961 but can't remember the dinner . . . "Creekus" Fisher and "Kaduchas" Jaret cop Class-Nite banner for '42 . . . Gelbart cuts a philosophy class to take himself a wife . . . Litman to sue for alienation of affections . . .

It's almost done
We're feeling low
Three years are done
One more to go

SENIOR YEAR

Time fleets fast
Alack Alas
We sadly know
This too shall pass



Now the school's ours officially but we are reminded that Dean-a de Malchusa Dean-a . . . George Cohen serves as council prexy, Zion as V.P. and Mirsky as secretary . . . Reiss takes over presidency of class while Rossman is contented to retain vice . . . the faculty becomes envious and we are deprived of unlimited cuts . . . managers of Lane, Colly and Empress petition Dean to give them back . . . We learn about life at Illinois in the 1920's as Professor Abel breaks down and discloses his past . . . Rosenthal edits Commentator with Margolis and Weisel as new additions to the board . . . "Commy" comes out blushing at the appointment of Looksee to the presidency . . . Elgart becomes a professor of gymnastics and goes to gym to work out with the dumbells . . . Miller, Sokolow and Karp drive to Lehigh U. for the International Relations Conference . . .They spend most of their time surveying the situation a-broad (three of them) . . . Medetsky, also a student . . . Professa Flink warns "if you have nothing to say, don't elaborate on it" . . . which changes our class period from recitation to lectures . . . Redcap Riot rivals "Commy" . . . Siegel and Karp join Gangbusters . . . we get our College keys . . . Linn hits the jackpot . . . gets his doctorate and baby girl . . . Y. C. queen of 1960 . . . the faculty celebrate the occasion and Professor Litman rings A-bel with a lecture full of "da stuff . . . Epstein, Horowitz and Reiss bask in Florida sunshine as seniors start new term . . . Philo majors keep in tune with infinity under guidance of Dr. Jung . . . Joe Sokolow edits Masmid—have an aspirin, bub . . . Reuben Siegel's accent gets him elected honorary mayor of Harlem . . . David Mirsky's Buck Fever rises (at the Varsity Show) until he has his appendix out . . . Modern Prometheus is presented before capacity crowds . . . Coleman says we did better than pros and the boys turn their eyes towards Sardi's . . . we offer Kramer condolences on his birthday . . . Esterson throws a stag and drag affair after finals . . . thirty-five cent cover to keep out the riff-raff . . .

The moving finger writes
And having writ, departs.
But the memory of these little things
'S forever in our hearts.

Faculty of Yeshiva College

ABEL, THEODORE, M.A., Columbia University, 1923; Ph.D., 1929.
Associate Professor of Sociology.

ATLAS, MEYER, B.S., The College of the City of New York, 1928; M.A., Columbia University, 1930; Ph.D., 1935.
Instructor in Biology.

BAMBERGER, SELIGMANN, Ph.D., University of Wuerzburg, 1919.
Assistant Professor of Chemistry.

BELKIN, SAMUEL, Ph.D., Brown University, 1935.
Professor of Hellenistic Literature and Dean of the Yeshiva.

BRAUN, SIDNEY D., Diploma, Sorbonne, 1932; B.A., New York University, 1934; M.A. 1935.
Instructor in French.

BRODY, ALEXANDER, B.S., New York University, 1926; M.A. 1928; LL.M., 1929; Ph.D., 1932.
Associate Professor of History.

CHURGIN, GERSHON, B.A., Columbia University, 1928; M.A., 1929; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1939.
Instructor in Hebrew.

CHURGIN, PINKHOS, Ph.D., Yale University, 1922.
Professor of Jewish History and Hebrew Literature, and Dean of the Teachers Institute.

DAMON, KENNETH F., B.A., University of Wisconsin, 1921; M.A., Teachers College, Columbia University, 1927; Ph.D., 1933.
Associate Professor of Speech and Music.

DRACHMAN, BERNARD, B.A., Columbia University, 1882; M.A., University of Heidelberg, 1884; Ph.D., 1884.
Professorial Lecturer Emeritus in Hebrew.

FLINK, SALOMON, M.A., Columbia University, 1928; Ph.D., 1930.
Associate Professor of Economics.

FLOCH, BERNHARD, Ph.D., Vienna, 1910.
Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin.

FREED, ALEXANDER, B.A., Brown University, 1921; M.A., Little Rock College, 1924; M.D., St. Louis University, 1927.
Assistant Professor of Hygiene.

GABRIEL, MORDECAI L., B.A., Yeshiva College, 1938; M.A., Columbia University, 1939.
Laboratory Assistant in Biology.

GINSBURG, JEKUTHIEL, M.A., Columbia University, 1916; D.Sc. 1942.
Professor of Mathematics.

GOLDBERGER, JACQUES, M.D., University of Budapest, 1914.
Instructor in Biology.

GRIBETZ, FLORENCE, B.A., Hunter College, 1940.
Secretary to the Registrar.

ISAACS, MOSES L., B.A., University of Cincinnati, 1920; M.A., 1921; Ph.D., 1923.
Dean and Professor of Chemistry.

HARTSTEIN, JACOB I., B.A., Yeshiva College, 1932; M.S. The College of the City of New York, 1933; M.A., Columbia University, 1936.
Registrar and Secretary of the Faculty and Assistant Professor of Education.

HOENIG, SIDNEY B., B.S., The College of the City of New York, 1927; Ph.D., Dropsie College, 1934.
Instructor in Jewish History.

HURWITZ, ABRAHAM B., B.S., The College of the City of New York, 1927; M.A., Teachers College, Columbia University, 1928.
Instructor in Physical Education.

JUNG, LEO, B.A., University of London, 1919; Ph. D., 1922; M.A., Cambridge University, 1926.
Professor of Ethics.

KISCH, BRUNO ZACHARIA, M.D., University of Prague, 1913.
Professor of Chemistry.

KLEIN, DAVID, B.A., The College of the City of New York, 1902; M.A., Columbia University, 1904; Ph.D., New York University, 1909.
Assistant Professor of English.

KLOTZ, NATHAN, Ph.D., University of Wuerzberg, 1925.
Assistant Professor of Bible.

KOSLOWE, IRVING, B.A., Yeshiva College, 1940.
Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry.

KRAUS, PHILIP E., B.A., The College of the City of New York, 1928; M.A., Columbia University, 1931.
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LEVINE, ELI M., B.A., Yeshiva College, 1932; M.A., Columbia University, 1935.
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LINN, IRVING, B.B.A., The College of the City of New York, 1933; M.A., New York University, 1934; Ph.D., 1941.
Instructor in English.

LITMAN, ALEXANDER, B.A., University of Minnesota, 1924; Ph.D., Columbia University, 1929.
Associate Professor of Philosophy.

LOOKSTEIN, JOSEPH H., B.A., The College of the City of New York, 1926; M.A., Columbia University, 1928.
Assistant Professor of Sociology.

LOWAN, ARNOLD N., Ch.E., Polytechnic Institute of Bucharest, 1924; M.S., New York University, 1929; Ph.D., Columbia University, 1933.
Associate Professor of Physics.

LUCACER, MENASSEH, M.D., University of Palermo, 1922; Lecturer, Royal Universities of Italy, Rome, 1932.
Instructor in Hygiene.

LUCHINS, ABRAHAM, B.A., Brooklyn College, 1935; M.A., Columbia University, 1936; Ph.D., New York University, 1939.
Instructor in Psychology.

MARGALITH, AARON M., B.A., John Hopkins University, 1927; Ph.D., 1930.
Assistant Professor of Political Science and Acting Librarian.

MATZ, JOSHUA, B.A., Yeshiva College, 1932; M.A., Columbia University, 1939.
Instructor in Mathematics.

MIRSKY, SAMUEL K., B.A., New York University, 1931; M.A., Columbia University, 1934.
Associate Professor of Bible and Jewish History.

RENOV, ISRAEL, B.S., New York University, 1935; Certicate, National Academy of Design, 1935.
Instructor in Art.

ROSENBERG, RALPH P., B.S., College of the City of New York, 1927; M.A., University of Wisconsin, 1928; Ph.D., 1933.
Assistant Professor of German.

SAFIR, SHELLEY R., B.A., College of the City of New York, 1912; M.A., Columbia University, 1913; Ph.D., 1920.
Professor of Biology.

SAR, SAMUEL L., Instructor in Bible and Dean of Men.

***SAVITSKY, NATHAN,** B.S., College of the City of New York, 1922; M.A., Columbia University, 1923; M.D., New York University, 1927.
Instructor in Psychology.

SWICK, DAVID A., B.S., College of the City of New York, 1899; M.D., The College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, 1910.
Medical Director.

WIESENTHAL, DEBORA W., B.A., Hunter College, 1937.
Bursar and Secretary to the Dean.

ZEITLIN, SOLOMON, Th.D., Ecole Rabinique Paris, 1914; Ph.D., Dropsie College, 1918.
Professor of Jewish History.

* on leave.

ACTIVITIES

Dramatic

Mr. Coleman's Verdict:

'Wings Over Europe' In Fine Version

By Robert Coleman

The Yeshiva College Players gave a splendid production of "The Modern Prometheus," a streamlined version of "Wings Over Europe," which the Theatre Guild produced some years ago, at the Lamport Theatre, Amsterdam Ave., and 186th St., last evening.

The R. Nichols and M. Browne script, thanks to the changes made by the Yeshiva Players, is timely indeed. When first produced it was merely prophetic and there were few then in the mood for prophecy.

"The Modern Prometheus" has to do with a young scientist who invents a method of controlling the atom. With it he plans to bring a higher standard of living, new freedom and happiness to the world.

But cabinet politicians, selfish and short-sighted, fear the idealistic scientist and his program. They see in the invention the end of conquest and war and they seek it to conquer via war.

Can't Kill It

A hotheaded cabinet minister shoots the young scientist, when he refuses to listen to proposals to destroy his atom control or permit its misuse. But hardly has the shot barked when word comes that others have discovered the secret and propose to bring about a new and better order through its use.

As the philosophic minister for foreign affairs observes, you may hinder progress and fight idealism, but they will win out in the end.

And a program note so aptly puts it, "in 'The Modern Prometheus' the smugness and sterile thought of the middle 20's are held up to the view of the generation which is learning to shape new standards in the crucible of the bitterest, costliest and most engulfing of all wars in the history of mankind."

The Nichols-Brown play relies on mental rather than physical conflict for effect. It is a script to tax the competence of professional actors. It must be acted to the hilt to hold the interest throughout an evening.

Top First Cast

That the Yeshiva Players have been able to make it a gripping, absorbing and stimulating adventure in playgoing is high tribute to the calibre of their performance. They got more from it than did the original cast.

The acting is so uniformly excellent that it would be ungracious to single out individual players for mention, so we will introduce them in order of their appearance. They are:

David Mirsky, Harold Schulweis, Harold Miller, Allen Mandelbaum, Morris Epsteln, Bernard Reiss, Herman Tanenbaum, Albert Salkowitz, Nathan Rosenbaum, Harold Lebowitz, Henry Margolis, Philip Horowitz, Jerome Robbins and Myron Reis.

Anatole Winogradoff's fine direction also merits an appreciative salute. The setting by J. Shelley Applbaum and Harry Schumer is helpful.

MR. HARRY SCHUMER

The column which is reproduced on this page from the N. Y. Daily Mirror of May 28, is the finest tribute that could possibly be paid to any college—or for that matter, professional—dramatic group; supreme critical acclaim by a New York drama reviewer.

But when all is said and done, when the final credit lines are distributed, we of Yeshiva know that all the praise and all the accolades are deserved by only one person—Mr. Harry Schumer.

For it has been through the generosity of this unassuming and untiring friend of the Players and of Yeshiva that the Dramatic Society has been equipped with Broadway sets, props, lights and a beautiful curtain. Through the efforts of Mr. Schumer, as well, our latest production was graced by the fine direction of Mr. Anatole Winogradoff of Broadway fame.

Words alone cannot express our gratitude and appreciation for our open-handed and unbelievably generous friend. We shall always carry with us the inspiration provided by Harry Schumer, a great-hearted man and a loyal friend of "the boys."

Society

Inspired by the first dramatic presentation at Yeshiva, "Journey's End", way back in 1936, a group of aspiring thespians got together in November 1939, to form the Yeshiva College Players. Taking as its goal the presentation of a play, they produced "The Wolves," in 1940, under the direction of Harold Polikoff. With Dr. Irving Linn as faculty advisor, the group advanced in leaps and bounds.

The Players, stilled in their activities by the death of Dr. Revel, of sainted memory, had to wait until New Year's Eve of 1942 for their next production. This consisted of three one act plays, "Submerged," "Private Jones," and "Twelve Before Three," under the collective title "For Fear of Death."

Then, on the nights of May 24 and 27, the curtains parted on the most ambitious attempt of the Players, "The Modern Prometheus." Having been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. Anatole Winogradoff as director, the members of the group threw themselves into their parts with everything they had to offer. The result was acclaimed not only as the best Yeshiva College production, not only on par with the best of college productions, but, as Mr. Robert Coleman, drama critic of the Mirror, puts it," It is a script to tax the competence of professional actors . . . they (the Players) got more from it than did the original cast." "The Modern Prometeus" was indeed a great triumph.

DR. IRVING LINN
Faculty Advisor Yeshiva College Players

DR. KENNETH F. DAMON
Director
"For Fear of Death"
Dec. 1941

Top:
PHILIP HOROWITZ
President
MORRIS EPSTEIN
Vice-President

Center:
MORRIS SUKENIK
Secretary

ANATOLE WINOGRADOFF
Director of "The Modern Prometheus"

"THE MODERN PROMETHEUS"

CAST

(In order of appearance)

Walter Grantley, Prime Minister — David Mirsky

Attendant — Jules Seiden

Sir Berkeley Rummel — Harold Schulweis

Francis Lightfoot — Harold Miller

Evelyn Arthur, Secretary for Foreign Affairs — Allan Mandelbaum

Richard Stapp, Secretary of State for War — Morris Epstein

Sir Romilly Blount, First Lord of the Admiralty — Bernard Reiss

Sir Humphrey Halliburton, Secretary for Home Affairs — Herman Tannenbaum

The Players are now ready to carry on; their pioneering days are over. They have a complete set of stage props, lights, and curtain which were donated by Mr. Schumer. They have, too, a following which is acquainted with what the group can accomplish. In future years the society shall have to live up to the high standards of "The Modern Prometheus." The purpose of the Players has never been to make professionals of its members. Primarily, it provides another means of

Matthew Grindle, Chancellor of the Exchequer	Albert Salkowitz
Lord Sunningdale, Lord Privy Seal	Nathan Rosenbaum
Lord Dedham, Lord High Chancellor	Harold Lebowitz
H. G. Dunno, Commissioner of Works	Henry Margolis
St. John Pascoe, Attorney General	Philip Horowitz
Taggart	Jerome Robbins
Hart-Plimsoll	Myron Reis

Production Staff

P. Horowitz	Production Manager
M. Epstein	Production Co-Manager
S. Reiss	Director of Publicity
M. Sukenik	Finance Manager
H. Tanenbaum	Associate in Production
M. Kramer	Ticket Sales & House Manager
J. S. Applbaum	Set Constructor

outlet for the students energies. Aside from this it aims to instill in its members a love for and an appreciation of the theatre, a feeling which comes only after having participated in a production. With "The Modern Prometheus" the charter members of the Society take their leave of the organization. These students who survived all the heartache and disappointment of the past years, depart with the feeling that they leave behind them a permanent institution in the school —The Yeshiva College Players.

Class of 1943

MILTON FURST
President

IRWIN GORDON
Vice-President

Class of 1944

JOSEPH SPEISER
President

BENJAMIN WOLSTEIN
Vice-President

Class of 1945

HAROLD MILLER
President

NATHAN ROSENBAUM
Vice-President

GEORGE COHEN—President
MARTIN ZION—Vice-President
DAVID MIRSKY—Secretary
JOSEPH PEYSER—Athletic Manager

Associated Collegiate Press of N. S. P. A.

1942 ALL-AMERICAN NEWSPAPER CRITICAL SERVICE

The Commentator

In recognition of its merits is awarded

First Class Honor Rating

in the Nineteenth National Newspaper Critical Service of Associated Collegiate Press at the University of Minnesota, Department of Journalism, this First day of May, 1942

Approved by

Don't Forget "Modern Prometheus"

The Commentator

Published By Students Of Yeshiva College

VOLUME XV. NEW YORK CITY, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1942

VOLUNTEERS

NORMAN SAMSON

Army Rejects Yeshivite; Army Accepts Yeshivites

Y. C. Players Ticket Sale Begins Today

The Commentator

Published By Students Of Yeshiva College

NEW YORK CITY, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1942

Library Forges Ahead; Classic[illegible] Donated

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cooperate In Civilian Defense

The Commentator

Published By Students Of Yeshiva College

VOLUME XIV NEW YORK CITY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1942 No. 7

Cooperate In Civilian Defense

Dr. Moses L. Isaacs Assumes Official Duties As New Dean Of The Yeshiva College

DEAN MOSES LEGIS ISAACS

Dean Isaacs Devoted To Ideals Of Yeshiva, Regarded Logical Choice

A Happy New Year

Students On The Griddle

Meet The Faculty

The Commentator

Published By Students Of Yeshiva College

VOLUME XIV. NEW YORK CITY, TH[illegible]AY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1941

FULL ADMINISTR[illegible] MAN

Class Nite Fiasco

The entertainment at the recent Class Nite was rank. That fact would not be too disturbing, were it not for the large number of guests who witnessed a number of unprepared performers combine to give an inept and sloppy presentation.

Class Nite is not supposed to be a serious affair. But it is supposed to be an intelligently humorous presentation; one which will attract the guests present, leave a pleasant impression on their minds, and encourage them to find out just what this Yeshiva College is.

If it does not fill that description it only lowers the school's prestige. The Social Committee should decide once and for all whether to insist upon a higher caliber in Class Nite shows, or, if that is impossible, to restrict the attendance so that the audience be an intimate group of student body and faculty members.

POWERS VESTE[illegible] BOARD

On the Sidelines

By Henry Margolis

Commentator

shed By Students Of Yeshiva College

ORK CITY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1941

Renovated Social Lounge Open To Students Tonight

Council Committees Are Appointed

The Commentator

Published By Students Of Yeshiva College

NEW YORK CITY THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1942

Gershon Cournos' Gift Embraces All Fields Of Human Knowledge

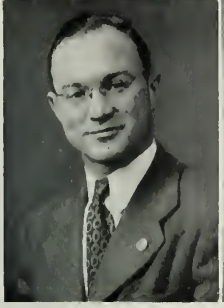
Students He[illegible] Dean Is[illegible]

MEET THE SENIORS

The Commentator

Published By Students Of Yeshiva College

NEW YORK CITY, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1942



HENRY MARGOLIS
Sports Editor

JACOB WALKER
Managing Editor

JULIUS ROSENTHAL
Editor-in-Chief

ERWIN HERMAN
News Editor

ALFRED WEISEL
Business Manager

News and views of the school were presented bi-weekly by our official organ, the "Commentator." As in former years, the publication maintained a high journalistic level, as attested by its First Class Honor Rating in the Associated Collegiate Press evaluation, with the highest total point score in the history of the newspaper.

We especially appreciated the frank and honest editorial policy adopted throughout the year, as illustrated by the unequivocal statements on the library problem, rabbinical placement, and other vital issues. The editorials, meritoriously written by Julius Rosenthal '42, Editor-in-Chief, were augmented by detailed discussion articles on these problems, a novel feature for "Commentator."

Another feature which appealed to us was the inclusion of at least one illustration in every issue, providing an attractive appearance. Jacob Walker '43, Managing Editor, was mainly responsible for this innovation, as well as the generally neat makeup. His fellow member of the Governing Board, Erwin L. Herman '43, News Editor, supervised the coverage and writing of the news stories, which invariably provided us with useful and interesting information of school activities.

The paper would not have been complete without the comment of Henry Margolis in his enlightening "On the Sidelines" column. This column, singled out for praise by the Collegiate Press, represented one half of Henry's achievements, for he succeeded in consistently putting out a complete sports page, exerting great influence on athletic activities within the institution.

In addition to his column, we thoroughly enjoyed the good-natured ribbings we received in the biographical sketches of the members of the class in the annual "Meet the Seniors" write-ups. Various other columns presenting student opinion and comment on events and issues of the day were featured from time to time in the "Commentator."

Alfred Weisel '42, Business Manager, was primarily responsible for the highly successful fiscal year enjoyed by "Commentator".

Five veteran members of the staff, in the persons of Joseph Karasick '43, Paul Orentlicher '43, Benjamin Wolstein '44 Bernard Reiss '43, and Shelly Applebaum '44 were constituted as the Governing Board for the coming year to carry on the "Commentator" tradition.

Varsity Show

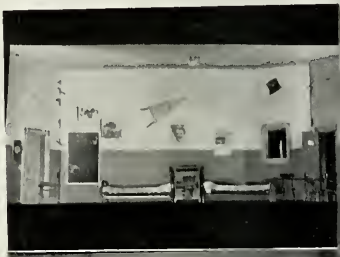
Those who braved the hail and rain and dark of night to come to Lamport Theatre on Sunday, March 29th, were to be well rewarded, for they were to play god-father to a new enterprise, and, by their presence and generous applause, to help launch a long-cherished hope, the first All-Varsity Show.

For years but a gleam in the Social Committee's eyes, it had been decided in December that it was now or never. The rest was easy . . . just like pulling hens' teeth. It was a cinch for author David Mirsky '42, and additional dialogue man Morris Epstein '42 to bat out a two hour musical comedy script. It was easy for Emanuel Seidman '45 and Abraham Karp '42, to knock off five original songs for the show. And it was a sinecure for Philip Horowitz '42 to construct a professional set.

But be that as it may, though our cup runneth over with blood, sweat and rehearsals, who shall forget "Buck Fever" and the plight of "Little Abraham" (Harold Esterson), the gaucheries of the Father (Harold Miller) the pants-o-miming of the "telephone Man" (Sid Reiss), and the flighty flitting of "Academy Award" (Henry Margolis).

Credit for organizing and producing the entire show goes to Morris Epstein '42, chairman of the Social Committee, The rest of the committee this year was composed of Philip Horowitz '42, David Mirsky '42, Bernard Reiss '43, and Irwin Metchik '44.

The whole affair was terrific, and everyone associated with it determined never to attempt anything like it again —until next year.



Who's Who
AMONG STUDENTS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES...
David Mirsky
George Cohen
Joseph Sokolow
Sidney Reiss
Martin Zion
Morris Epstein
Julius Rosenthal

With the departure of Assistant-Librarian Isaac Goldberg '32, to assume government duties in Washington, Dr. Aaron Margalith was promptly appointed librarian. Considering the library's progress since, there could have been no other choice. This year's expansion is unparalleled in the history of the Yeshiva. Of the eleven thousand volumes on the shelves, three thousand have been acquired over a period of seven months.

The chief source for these newly accessioned books was Gerson W. Cournos, donor of the Cournos Collection. Valued at $10,000, the collection comprises some of the outstanding works in Judaica, the natural as well as the social sciences, philosophy, literature, history and law.

Two hundred volumes of current Judaica were presented to the library by the American Jewish Committee through the intercession of Messrs. Alderman and Schneiderman. The library acquired approximately nine hundred books from colleges in the metropolitan area. The New York Public Library is sending three hundred volumes in the social sciences and other fields.

With such substantial donations, the library has outgrown its present quarters, over fifteen hundred books being off the shelves. The remodelling of Room 437 into a reading and reference room is expected to relieve somewhat the problem of space facilities. Stocks and circulation will remain at their present location while specific hours will be allocated to circulation. Rare volumes will be on display in the new reading room.

Library

DR. A. MARGALITH
Librarian

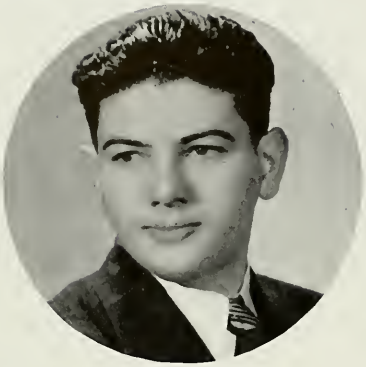
Debating Society

DR. KENNETH DAMON
Faculty Advisor

"Join the debating society and see the world" would have been an excellent recruiting slogan for our glib-tongued orators this year. A simultaneous invasion of New England, Eastern Pennsylvania and points South was affected by three groups of two each which engaged in a total of 18 debates with a string of universities and colleges from Harvard to the University of Alabama. Irwin Gordon '43, manager of the society and David Mirsky '42, President, tanned their hides and whet their tongues below the Mason-Dixon line. Gordon was constantly being mistaken for a Jap to the accompaniment of belly laughs on the part of Mirsky which didn't do his appendix any good. Joe Karasick '43 and Ruben Siegel '42 were experiencing the joys of New England hospitality and Harvard accent while Mel Rossman and Abe Karp, both of '42 were operating in the coal mine stretches of Pennsylvania.

On the home front, Yeshiva attacked in waves, radio waves, over station W N Y C as it met first Columbia and then Rhode Island State. Every major college in the city was met by the society whose members besides those already specified included Arthur Chiel '43, Leo Auerbach '44, Jack Green '44, Earl Korchak '44 Herman Tannenbaum, Harold Miller, Harold Schulweiss and Morton Siegel all of '45.

MAS



JOSEPH SOKOLOW
Editor-in-Chief

This year's Masmid will long be remembered as an experiment of no small proportions. For with this issue we have set a standard, high in literary variety, daring in lay-out and costly in production.

Our thousand dollar exploit covers four years of diversified activity which could be reproduced only in a publication which is as all-embracing as ours.

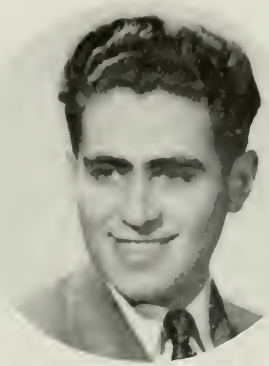
The advance in Masmid was heralded by the creation of a Governing Board of five, with each man assigned to a specific department.

MORRIS EPSTEIN
Literary Editor

DAVID MILLER
Photography Editor

JULIUS ROSENTHAL
Literary

MID



SIDNEY REISS
Managing Editor

Our efforts have been directed towards the creation of a Masmid which would bring to light the talent of our students imbedded in the ideals of Yeshiva.

This year's staff consisted of Joseph Sokolow, Sidney Reiss, Morris Epstein, David Miller and Harry Samson who comprised the Governing Board; Harold Esterson, Alfred Wiesel and Julius Rosenthal, editorial assistants; and, Morris Margolies, Howard Singer, Myron L. Reis, Milton Furst, Louis Tuchman, and Arthur Cohen.

AL WIESEL
Art and Layout

HARRY SAMSON
Art Editor

HAROLD ESTEPSON
Office Manager

International Relations Society

The I. R. S. commenced its activities with a trip to Lehigh University and a view of a college campus. Incidentally, the travelers, David Miller, Joseph Sokolow, and Abraham Karp, all of the class of '42 also represented Yeshiva at the Eastern Conference of International Relations Clubs which was held at Lehigh at the same time.

At home, such interesting lecturers as Mr. T. A. Raman, an Indian spokesman, were heard. This particular address began sedately enough, but before it was over, practically the entire school crowded the room and was listening eagerly. Among others, the Revisionist leader, M. Wachsman and the Polish labor leader, Dr. J. Malinowski addressed the Society during the course of the year.

Chess

A total of twenty-seven adventurers ganged up on S. Zaitchik '43 and Rabbi M. Katz '44 in an exhibition of simultaneous chess. Majority did not rule in this case as the team's two top men defeated all but four of their opponents. The lucky four wiggled out of the massacre with draws. This year the Chess men ended but half a point out of fourth place in the Eastern Intercollegiate Chess Tournament. In baseball terms that's the first division. In this case, unfortunately, there were only six teams involved.

Co-Op Store; Concert Bureau

No one can say that the Co-Op Store this year did not "co-op" in the war effort. Adequate testimony to that effect is the $2,000 in war bonds and $400 in war stamps that were peddled across the counter behind which the faces of Jerome Fishman '42 and his assistants beamed daily except Saturdays and holidays. A negative aspect of "co-oping" with Uncle Sam was the sale of camp shorts in order to conserve material.

The Concert Bureau, headed this year by Israel Ribner '43 and Leonard Goldstein '44, also contributed its share to the war effort through its activities in the interests of civilian morale. Hecklers galore from Yeshiva were supplied to the radio programs by means of free tickets to a great variety of shows.

DAVID MILLER
President

JOSEPH SOKOLOW
Vice-President

H. ZWILLENBERG
Secretary

RABBI M. KATZ
Captain

SAMUEL ZAITCHIK
Manager

JEROME FISHMAN
Manager Co-op Store

ISRAEL RIBNER &
LEONARD GOLDSTEIN
Managers of
Concert Bureau

LOUIS TUCHMAN,
President
MARVIN PRITZKER
Editor

THEODORE FRANKEL
President
ISRAEL LERNER,
Vice-President

ARTHUR CHIEL,
President
SAMUEL BLECH,
Secretary

Le Cercle Francais

Cette année, le Cercle Français est venu à bout d'accomplir deux choses. Nous avons entendu des conférenciers, parmi lesquels il y avait M. Renov, du Yeshiva College, et M. le Rabin Langer, de paris, qui a parlé sur "Les Juifs De France Dans La Derniére Décade." Nous avons aussi publié "Trois Ans de Flambeau", un recueil des articles des étudiants de Français du Yeshiva, et dédié à notre feu président, Dr. Bernard Revel.

דוג העברי

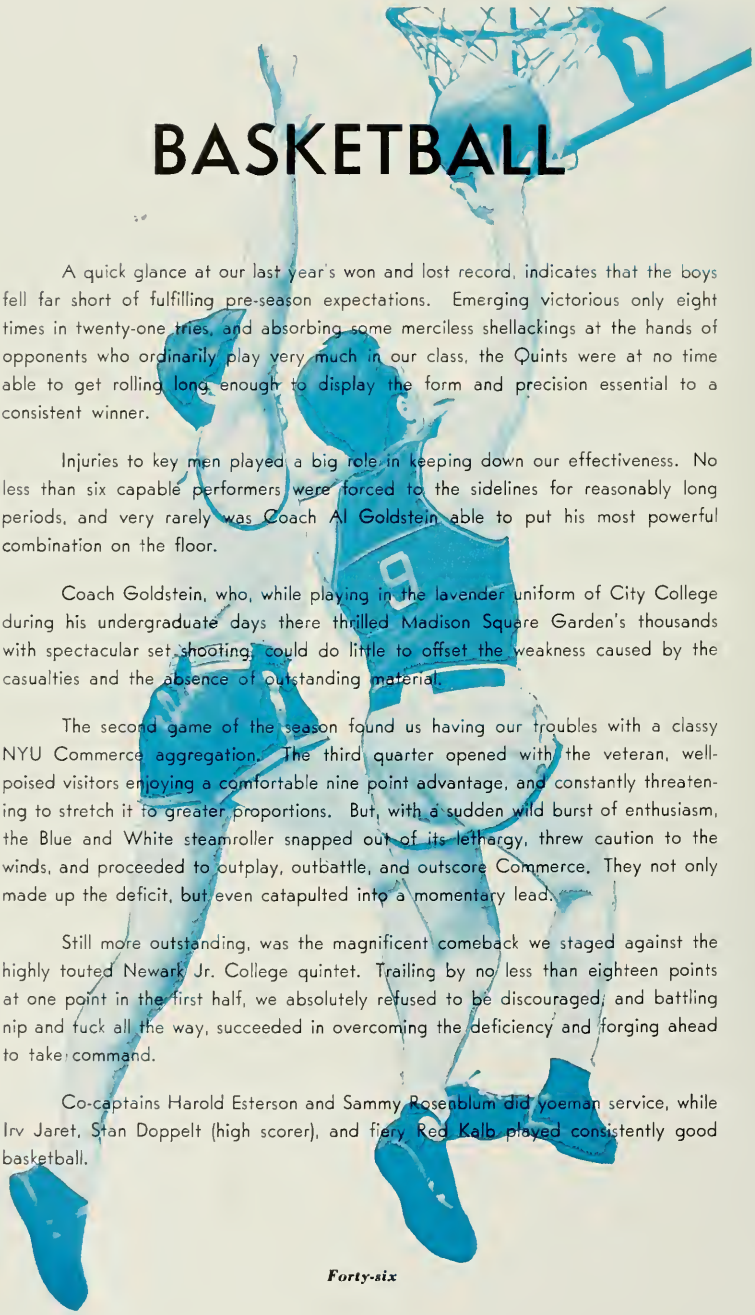
חשבנו נכון מהחיש החוג העברי בכמלהה.

הצהרתי המפתיעה שיש לחוג נטרמה על ידי אנשי ידועי שם בעיקב הכפרות שהואילו להרצות לפני החברים. בין האספות המעניינות ביותר הראויות לציון מיוחד זו שבה הרצה ד"ר שמעון גנזבורג על "הכפריה העברית בארץ ישראל" זו שבה הרצה מר. ז. א. אריאלי נאם באספת הפתיחה על "תרבות עברית ותרבות תרגימית", וד"ר ראובן גפני דבר על "נדכן ומשפט בישראל."

Deutscher Verein.

Der Deutsche Verein hat sich im letzten Jahre, trotz der politischen Umwaelzungen in Deutschland, einer ausserordentlichen Beliebheit erfreut. Die Studenten des Yeshiva-college's halten nach wie vor an der Anschauung fest, dass die deutsche Kunst und das jetztige deutsche Regime nicht identifiziert werden duerfen. Unter anderen Taetigkeiten des Deutschen Vereines finden wir die Zeitschrift "Hie und Da" und den Deutschen Singverein. Ein wesentlicher Faktor in dem Gedeihen des Vereines ist die ergebene Mitarbeit unseres populaeren Professors Dr. Ralph P. Rosenberg. Wir sind sicher, dass auch der Verein in kuenftigen Jahren viel zur Verbreitung wahrer Kunstliebe in Yeshiva beitragen wird.

BASKETBALL



A quick glance at our last year's won and lost record, indicates that the boys fell far short of fulfilling pre-season expectations. Emerging victorious only eight times in twenty-one tries, and absorbing some merciless shellackings at the hands of opponents who ordinarily play very much in our class, the Quints were at no time able to get rolling long enough to display the form and precision essential to a consistent winner.

Injuries to key men played a big role in keeping down our effectiveness. No less than six capable performers were forced to the sidelines for reasonably long periods, and very rarely was Coach Al Goldstein able to put his most powerful combination on the floor.

Coach Goldstein, who, while playing in the lavender uniform of City College during his undergraduate days there thrilled Madison Square Garden's thousands with spectacular set shooting, could do little to offset the weakness caused by the casualties and the absence of outstanding material.

The second game of the season found us having our troubles with a classy NYU Commerce aggregation. The third quarter opened with the veteran, well-poised visitors enjoying a comfortable nine point advantage, and constantly threatening to stretch it to greater proportions. But, with a sudden wild burst of enthusiasm, the Blue and White steamroller snapped out of its lethargy, threw caution to the winds, and proceeded to outplay, outbattle, and outscore Commerce. They not only made up the deficit, but even catapulted into a momentary lead.

Still more outstanding, was the magnificent comeback we staged against the highly touted Newark Jr. College quintet. Trailing by no less than eighteen points at one point in the first half, we absolutely refused to be discouraged, and battling nip and tuck all the way, succeeded in overcoming the deficiency and forging ahead to take command.

Co-captains Harold Esterson and Sammy Rosenblum did yeoman service, while Irv Jaret, Stan Doppelt (high scorer), and fiery Red Kalb played consistently good basketball.

HAROLD ESTERSON
Co-Captain

SAMUEL ROSENBLUM
Co Captain

IRVING JARET
MILTON KRAMER
JOSEPH ELGART
SAM HARTSTEIN
ZELIG BLOCK
MARSHALL FREIDMAN
"RED" KALB
STAN DOPPELT
"DOOD" SUSSKIND
ABE HARTSTEIN
SOL KAPLAN

BASKETBALL TEAM

TENNIS

The tennis team wound up a fairly active season with a hard fought 4-3 victory over the highly touted L. I. U. racqueteers.

Participating in only four matches, the boys eked out a lone victory in the season's grand finale. Prior to this, they dropped a close 5-2 decision to Jersey State Teachers College, and gave a good account of themselves in losing to the crack Queens College outfit. In the opener, they were overwhelmed by a highly superior Drew University team to the tune of a 9-0 whitewashing.

Al Salkowitz, Irv Fredman Jack Levy Aaron Abelow, and Lee Auerbach played consistently good tennis for the Blue and White.

Math Club

The MATHEMATICAL RECREATIONS CLUB has not only realized the fondest hopes of its founders by continuing the precedent set last year in publishing its second annual Journal, but has also added a new feature to its activities — a mathematics contest conducted at four Parochial High Schools in New York City. The contest consisted of three independent quizzes, each for different student grades.

Supplementing its problems and notes section, the Journal, edited by Morris I. Chernofsky, president of the Club, Benjamin Welber, secretary of the Club, and Emanuel Fischer, also included the following new articles: "The General Conic", "One Ahead of Euclid", "Problem of Appollonius", "Calculus of the Mishnah", "Problem of Wallace" and "Method of Interpolation".

The Club was also privileged in hearing Mr. Mitchell J. Friedman lecture on "The Anatomy of Magic Squares and Cubes". This lecture, thanks to Professor J. Ginsburg, was heard in conjunction with the Recreational Mathematics course given here at Yeshiva. Another outstanding lecture was delivered by Mr. S. Maurice Plotnick on the "Treatment of the General Conic".

It is to be hoped that the added feature as well as the lectures and publication of the Journal will continue in years to come.

The history of mathematics clubs at Yeshiva, dating from about 1935, recalls the names of Rabbis Meyer Karlin, '37 and Jerome Willig, '38 and Jacob Bronstein, '40. The charter members of the present Mathematical Recreations Club are: Seymour L. Krutman, '41, president last year; Morris I. Chernofsky, present president; Benjamin Welber, secretary; Emanuel Fischer; Alex Friedman; Bernard Gelbart; George Cohen; Abraham Koolyk; Paul Z. Levovitz; all of '42; and Chaim Swiaticki; of '43.

Service Groups

No windshields were wiped, but practically every other type of service was supplied this year by the Student Council Service Groups. Among these, was the Student-Faculty Relations Committee which acted as a liason agency between the administration, faculty, and students, three integral parts of the same organism.

The Employment Bureau supplied the wherewithal for the ever-essential factor in a student's life, to a great many Yeshivaites through the season. Functioning equally to the benefit of the students, the Book Exchange disposed of an annual headache.

Probably the most enjoyable service was that rendered by the Social Committee. A Varsity Show, Class Nite, dramatic presentations, as well as the usual "mixers" and smokers made life bear pleasant moments for one and all at the school. The Playroom Committee might have provided another facet of relaxation, had it not decided to fold its wings early in the first term.

LITERARY

Apologia Literaria

The Literary Section of a college magazine
Receives no more attention than a dried up nectarine.
And even those who take the time to thumb its pages through,
Give it just a hurried glance and turn to something new.
So I don't think we'd perch ourselves too far out on a limb
Were we to say the chances that you'll read it well, are slim.
But should there be among you folk the type who likes to read,
Who pays real strict attention, and to every line gives heed,
We'd like to ask you, if we may, all errors to excuse.
And not to lay the blame upon our Literary Muse.

But in the hustle, bustle, and the chaos and confusion
Which drove us nearly crazy 'ere the Masmid reached conclusion,
It's more than likely that we lost a comma or a colon.
And couldn't stop to find it 'cause we had to keep on rollin'.
Our editors are not at fault, our printers aren't either,
It just results from working hard, sans time to catch a breather.
So when you read it, think of us — don't scrutinize each letter,
We will be happier by far, and you'll enjoy it better.

Myron I. Reis

Rabbi Kook: Sage and Visionary

By PROFESSOR SAMUEL K. MIRSKY

Translated from the Hebrew by EZRA GELLMAN '42

For Jews, religious nationalism is no novelty. On the contrary, it is secular nationalism that is of recent origin. The deeply ingrained faith in the eternity of Israel, the belief that the Jews are of a non-assimilable nature which renders it impossible for them to become estranged from their nation, is also an ancient one. But while our national aspirations were in the process of rejuvenation, these ancient faiths were becoming enervated. Fortunately at that moment, Rabbi Isaak Kook, of sainted memory, appeared on the horizon and restored them.

In his first essay, "The Jewish Mission and Nationalism," Rabbi Kook influenced the early Zionists to follow his own lines of reasoning, which stood forth in bold relief as the precursors of religious nationalism. An examination of the passages in this essay will illustrate the current of his thought.

Traditional Judaism, Rabbi Kook believed, is an age-old stream in which the history of the Jews has flowed throughout the ages. At times, tributaries diverge from the main stream and seek new courses. But these either dry up and disappear entirely, or else flow back into the original source, bringing with them new vigorous and reinforcing life. The schism created by the reformers in Germany, the repudiation of religion or nationalism in other countries, are no exceptions to this rule.

The products of Haskala were national assimilation and the rejection of religion and they gave birth to the antithesis—secular nationalism. The latter contains within itself the urge for a synthesis, namely, **religious nationalism.** From the moment the ghetto walls crumbled, the solid earth upon which the House of Israel had been built began to disintegrate. At the same time, however, the natural yearnings for the homeland grew, and those Jews who had embarked upon foreign streams brought back with them borrowed implements with which to strengthen and reinforce the "falling tent of David."

By one false doctrine the "enlightened" leaders of Germany went astray. They believed the **Jewish mission** would be fulfilled when the intermingling of Jews and gentiles would be completed. The only remaining task, they thought was to uncover for the world the brilliant gems of Jewish scholarship so that everyone might reap their benefits. But as the skies are infinitely higher than the earth, so too is the conception of the Jewish mission of the ancient prophets incalculably loftier than that of their cheap German imitators. If these false German prophets had had their way, Judaism would be a mere archaeological museum piece. But in order that the Torah remain alive, constantly elevating mankind and pointing out its defects it must have a program, a mission.

What is then the eternal mission of the Jew? The establishment of harmony, peace, and unison. This is the fundamental law in the Torah. It desires to harmonize Jewish thoughts and deeds. The commandments concerning what one may or may not eat are intended as a unifying program for the entire nation. The precept directing all Jews to study the Torah is aimed at the creation of a spiritual reservoir from which all may partake.

The prohibition of marring the corners of the beard and head, and other such precepts, help establish the uniformity and aesthetic values and institute as well a natural physiognomy among all Jews.

Although he did not originally intend his essay to be a hermeneutic exposition of the commandments, Rabbi Kook nevertheless threw much light upon the subject. Maimonides utilized the historical concept—the disassociation from pagan idol worship —as the basis of his explanation of the commandments, whereas S. D. Luzzatto, for instance, employed the ethical concept, namely mercy, as the motive underlying the commandments. Rabbi Kook ascribed to national unity and harmony the role of the basic impulse. "We are enjoined," he says, "to discover the national force in every decree, in every law affecting our way of life." This injunction is not a modern one. It is not the present-day spirit of nationalism which subconsciously influences us to use it as an instrument in rationalizing our laws. On the contrary, an independent study of Judaism compels one to come to that conclusion. "The entire Torah was forged in a nationalistic spirit," he says.

Legalism, he believed, is the culmination and final consummation of ethics. Generations which preoccupy themselves with sheer, though lofty ethical considerations are merely pointing to their own immature development. Thus did Rabbi Kook presage the poet Bialik who gave a strong poetic expression to this malady of our age, in his article "Halakha and Haggadah."

In his second essay Rabbi Kook proposes to the large community of Jews in Russia to step out of the restricted circle wherein the Yeshivoth have confined Jewish creative forces, and to revive the study of Jewish thought, and the duties of the heart.

In his third essay, "Streams in the South," he began to tap this old-new stream of Judaism, which he discussed in the preceding one. In the first part he dwells upon the nature of the Jewish Mission. The thought of a mission comes to a nation as well as to an individual only after the lust to live for the sake of life has lost its hold upon them. But he who claims that the diaspora created the idea of a mission among the Jewish people is mistaken. "The diaspora created no new forces, but merely materialized certain previously hidden ones, brought the concealed to light."

There is a fundamental rule in Biblical hermeneutics: the general contains nothing which cannot be found in its component parts. Would the individual be discarded, in accordance with the teachings of chauvinistic foreign nationalisms, the revival of Jewish nationalism would be impossible, for it is not composed of "insects, falsehoods, and exaggerations," which serve to aggrieve the individual, indoctrinating in him the idea that he is important inasmuch as he serves the state. These darts were directed, ostensibly, at Achad Ha'Am. Despite the fact that he does not mention him by name Rabbi Kook seemed to have regarded him as a misleading signpost on the road of national rejuvenation.

In the second section of this essay, Rabbi Kook reverts back to his favorite theme, the reasoning of the Commandments. Relating the commandments of the past to the future, he emphasizes the point, that although no valid reason can apparently be given now, it remains for the veiled future to disclose the true and underlying motives of the commandments. The prohibition of eating meat and milk together, for example, may some day lead man to realize the injustice of eating meat and the improbity of milking an animal's udder. Hence, such a law helps to usher in the messianic era, when even a lion will eat straw as does the cow.

This essay marked the termination of Rabbi Kook's literary activities in the diaspora. His emigration to Palestine to assume his duties as the new Rabbi of Jaffa the mother of the new Yishuv, abruptly changed his style. He consciously endeavored to consign to oblivion the learning of the diaspora. The restlessness one experiences as a result of the transition from one type of study to another, and the disturbance felt by a scholar when he leaves the diaspora and enters Palestine, gave birth in him a vehement love for the learning of the Holy Land.

His rabbinic style, through which slowly trickled the tranquil, graceful ideas of his thought-provoking and reasoning essays of the diaspora, underwent a complete metamorphosis in Palestine. This change was not accompanied by a change in the basic motive, namely religious nationalism. On the contrary, there were added to it new social, political, and geographical factors, which were weaved into the framework of his ideas by his living in Palestine. Contemplating the cradle of religion, and surveying the land from which the Torah issued forth, he understood more profoundly the tragedy of religion which is severed from the nation and is wandering aimlessly about the world. In a voice penetrating to the depth of truth he declared:

"The false notion that it is possible to embrace the essence of the Torah as a religious feeling without any connection to the cardinal quintessence of the nation in its fullest social and political sense, is responsible for a marked defect in mankind and can be cured only when humanity spouts out what it has absorbed of the abstract religious feelings which it forcibly tore off the 'tree of life' of our Torah which is specifically linked with nationalism, and returns to the original source which is necessarily bound up with the national character as revealed in the Torah.

The concept of universal religion was created in the twilight, when political Jewry was on the wane, and hence was abortive from the very beginning. Its ghost runs amuck, misguiding men, and has no cure unless it can flame anew from the wick of life from which it has been snatched. It does not necessarily have to rekindle the extinguished end of the wick, but may resume in an undefective place. Our national rejuvenation does not have to recede to that period of history when "legalistic perfection came about with the removal of the divine spirit," but may even recede to the early prophetic era, when there flowed "the soul-inspiring spirit giving actual life to a healthy nation in all its strength." "The spirit of rejuvenation disquiets our hearts because of the conflict created by these two tendencies of recession. We must pacify this conflict and open the way to the Divine Being."

Age-old advice from a new teacher, and in a new light.

Rabbis frowned upon him, as Reb Ze'era of old had been previously disparaged, for having befriended the "baryanim". But he answered sharply: this new generation has a rough exterior but also a heart of gold. Their shortcomings are many and their deeds are dissolute. But the aurora of their nobility will enlighten them. This accounts for their love of Israel and their yearnings for Palestine. "If one, possessing no profound knowledge of human nature were to pass judgment on them, being unable to distinguish between their inner sacred nobility and their outer depravity, which encompasses their souls as the thorns surround the rose, virulence may result . . . But he who is submerged in profound scrutiny in the light of the Torah, and is not merely a socialist, is enjoined to fraternize with these evil doers."

His distinctive style in halacha, which he initiated while still in the diaspora, became more stabilized in Palestine. As he says, "The hallowed sacredness found by sages in Palestine cannot be found in the diaspora. I, in all humility, know of this." The dialectic method of hair-splitting, he heartily disliked. He would permit it only in the case of competent experts who had also the proper poetic swing.

In the diaspora the twins of oral and written law were separated. The oral law was converted into written law. In Palestine, however, "the oral law germinates from its deep roots while the light of the written law enthrones it an aureole of glory."

His first footsteps on the field of halacha, the two issues of "Etur Sofrim" written when he was but twenty-two years old and still a student at Volozin, were the footsteps of a mental giant. He was not preoccupied with minor, unimportant details. His aim was to enter directly the deepest recesses of the temple of Halacha. He felt that the time of systematizing had come and he set himself to the task of arranging in order the unlimited number of halachic works and to solve the problems of life by establishing a literary clearing house for the elders of the generation. His halachic essays in those publications already showed his powers as an organizer.

This idea, of creating a clearing house which should serve as an organizing medium, took firm hold of him when he was young, and never left him. He was forever occupied with yeshivoth, founding the yeshiva at Jaffa Yeshiva Mercaz Harav in Jerusalem, and finally the Harry Fischel Institute for Talmudic Research. Among his unpublished works is the "Berur Halacha", written on every tractate in the Talmud. In his book he reveals his genius of basing the law upon the talmudic dissertation, in the manner of Rabbi Samuel Luria and the author of the Levush in contrast to those who organized the laws apart from their source. Some of his lesser halachic works—lesser in quantity, but not in quality—"Shabath Ha'aretz and Etz Hadar", etc. show his tendency to consider the law as a growing plant, whose understanding necessitates the study of its roots and branches.

Rabbi Kook was not merely a systematizer and organizer, but also a sage and visionary with deep insight and the ability to understand the mysterious rustle found in between the lines of the halacha. His mind was restless unless he could penetrate to the soul of the halacha with the key of agada which he firmly held in his hand. So he writes in a letter to Isaac Halevi, author of "Doroth Harishonim": "You, sir, were the first in our generation to open the shut gates which separated Jewish secular knowledge, as that term is understood by modern literature, and profound Talmudic knowledge, the pure heritage which has come down to us from generation to generation. In my humble opinion, sir, I find it fitting to propose that another boundary line must be deleted, so as to permit free passage from one side to the other, namely, the boundary between halacha and agada."

Indeed, it was fitting for him to make such a proposal for he not only preached this, but also practiced it.

In his booklet "Edeir Hayakar" about his father-in-law, Rabbi Eliyahu David Rabinowitz, he wrote: "To picture the inner soul of a great man is a difficult task for we can only work with external tools such as his deeds, customs, conversations and writings, and they are but isolated aspects of his sublime soul." To this we may add: It is surely more difficult to picture the inner soul of the man upon whom the mantle of his father-in-law has fallen, and who was more than doubly gifted in spirit.

Stage Decor and Devices of the Victorian Theatre

by MORRIS EPSTEIN, '42

There is not a theatre critic in the land who has not bewailed the dearth of worthy plays this season. And it is not without good reason that Shaw's **Candida,** written in 1893, and revived for a special benefit run, has been acclaimed the best play of the year! Many explanations have been offered for this unhappy situation, including a visionless commercial set-up which bedevils play production today, and the theory that young playwrights, like many of their fellow intelligentsia, are thoroughly confused by the chaotic state of world affairs. But whatever the reason may be, and we suspect that it lies in a combination of both above-mentioned factors, it might be interesting to observe what happened in a like period of dramatic drought in the history of the theatre, the period which has rightly been named after its dominant figure, Queen Victoria.

For a period of about fifty years, roughly from 1835 to 1885, scarcely a play was written worthy of production. The theatre fell perforce into line with the conservatism that covered the land like a blanket. Sheldon Cheney has summarized the problem admirably: "Victoria typified plainness, Protestantism, and prudery as no other mighty monarch ever did. Hers was an age of drabness. The English creative theatre under Victoria dried up."[1] Victorian days found the stage in a puritannical strait-jacket which was not to be loosened till much later, although even today, the Lord Chamberlain still exists, to make sure that no political or royal feelings are hurt and that the public's general standards of decency are not violated. In 1879 Matthew Arnold could say, and too accurately, that "in England we have no drama at all."[2]

Faced with this lack of material, impressarios were forced to turn their attention to other, cognate, fields of the stage, with the result that in the early middle of the 19th century the British theatre was ruled by the structure of the playhouse, which became sufficiently huge to contain that immense theatrical display which was necessary to conceal the shallowness of the offerings. Stark realism in settings filled the void left by imagination. It first became apparent with the early 19th century craze for historical accuracy in costuming. Scenery also fell under this influence, as solid walls replaced shaky flats. Then exact and genuine properties completed the often drab but always accurate picture.

[1] Cheney, Sheldon. **The Theatre.** N. Y. 1929.
[2] Freedley, George. **A History of the Theatre.** N. Y. 1941.

Giving most of its attention to mechanics, the theatre advanced technically from 1800 to 1900 at a pace far outstripping that of stage development at any other period except the age of the Renaissance. Actors still appeared on the forward apron (that part of the stage projecting in front of the curtain) and made their exits by the proscenium door with a quick glance at the galleries. Although many critics already recognized the apron to be an unnecessary convention, observing that "the actors should stand within the scenery of the stage, in order to make a part of that pleasing illusion for which all dramatic exhibitions are calculated," staidness prevailed, and the apron remained. Finally, however, when Garrick's method of lighting the stage from the proscenium pillars and arches became prevalent, the actors realized they would be better visible further back, and the apron disappeared for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre in 1843. Slowly the familiar modern picture-frame stage was developed, and changes began to take place rapidly. Gas had been commercially introduced, and even though its odor was overpowering it proved a much better illuminant than candles or oil-lamps. At first, it lit exteriors and foyers, then the auditorium, and finally the stage. Each lamp or candle had been a separate unit, and to attempt any general transformation had demanded the services of all the attendants. Gas, as far as the stage was concerned, could be easily manipulated. Dimming was easily managed, and with new inventions such as limelight, various intensities of light were made available.

Thus mechanical ingenuity flourished. It was in no sense a period of great drama; most of what was written was mediocre. Nevertheless, more and more theatres were being constructed in various parts of London, and the stage was flourishing in the provinces. This was due almost entirely to a heightened public interest in the rising "star system" which Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, and Kean had inspired. Comparison of acting techniques and love of elaborate scenic display with unusual mechanical effects drew people to the playhouses. Stage devices became common property, and about the New Drury Lane Theatre we learn: To facilitate the working of some scenery and light machinery there is a stage about ten feet below the upper one where the carpenters attend whether to raise ghosts and pantomimic demons, or to obey the magic wand which consigns them to oblivion; under this second stage there is a depth of about forty feet, furnished with various mechanical engines requisite for raising splendid and massy pillars, temples, etc., which enrich the scenery and contribute so essentially to the effect produced by the grand ballets and pantomimes produced at the theatre . . . Over the stage is a double range of galleries, called flies, containing machinery, and where the greatest part of the scenery is worked, but which, from the number of blocks, wheels, and ropes crossing each other in every direction give it very much the appearance of a ship's deck."[4]

[3] Nicoll, Allardyce. **The English Theatre.** London. 1936.
[4] Ibid.

Even most of the important poetic figures undertook the drama during the Victorian period, and all suffered uninspiring failure. Tennyson, Byron, Browning: their names, when coupled with their dramatic output worthy of presentation, inevitably lose some of their glitter. They wrote magnificent verse, but their plays were not for the theatre. (An exception to prove the rule might be Edward Bulwer-Lytton's **The Conspiracy** (1839), which in 1940 saw a revival with Walter Hampden in Charles Coburn's Mohawk Drama Festival.)

In its attempts to destroy the shackles which bound it, the Victorian stage began to toy with romanticism. Hardly ever had there been any effort to provide a proper background, historically correct, for plays in the past. Shakespeare's dramas had not demanded painted backdrops to support them; their beauty and strength were sufficient unto themselves. Actors had been content to let some symbol appear in their dress to indicate the station of life or the race they were supposed to be representing. Antony's Roman soldiers would be attired in the same armor as served for the forces of Henry V at Agincourt; for **Hamlet,** Macready wore "a dress, the waist of which nearly reached his arms; a hat with a sable plume big enough to cover a hearse; a pair of black silk gloves much too large for him; a ballet shirt of straw-colored satin, which looked simply dirty and, what with his dark beard shaven . . . his square jaws unsoftened by a trace of pigment, . . . his extraordinary nose . . . and his long skinny neck, he appeared positively hideous."([5])

But soon costumes changed, and with them settings. Mrs. Siddons was among the first to discard ludicrous wigs, and as usual, she was immediately copied. Capon, a scenic designer, tried to provide buildings exactly as they would have been in the Middle Ages. He also contrived mood-provoking scenery, as in the spectacular **Christmas Tale,** in which there appeared a sudden transition in a forest scene, and the foliage varied from green to blood color. This contrivance was entirely new, and the effect was produced by placing different-colored slides in the flies or side scenes which turned on a pivot, with lights behind which illuminated the stage. And so continued this interest in the darkly realistic, until conventional settings were all but gone, with ruined castles, dimly lit cathedrals, and dark clumps of bushes taking their place. Then romantic realism gave way to a variety which was often represented by solidly built structures rather than flats. Stage effects and offstage sounds were used in abundance. De Loutherbourg, a famous set designer who had come to an English stage devoid of realism, helped the movement along. He introduced transparent scenes, with representations of moonlight, sunshine, firelight, volcanoes, and silk screens before the foot-and side-lights to help in coloring the stage. Watson says, "He was the first in a long line of scenic artists in the modern style, who were to revolutionize the British stage, substituting for mere glitter and magnificence, scenery which created a pleasing illusion appropriate to the plays it illustrated."([6])

[5] Nicoll, Allardyce. **The English Theatre.** London, 1936.
[6] Watson, Ernest Bradlee. **Sheridan To Robertson.** Cambridge, 1926.

Among the best-known of these painters who followed were: Roberts, Stanfield Grieve, Telbin, Beverley, Calcott, Craven, and O'Connor.

De Loutherbourg's influence occasioned the introduction of many new and spectacular effects. Horses — a whole cavalry troop of them — were exhibited at the Convent Garden, as a result of competition with such circus theatres as the Surrey and Olympic.

Water, no new means of stage sensation, was now used as an important factor in the action. This innovation was introduced by the managers of Sadler's Wells who availed themselves of a convenient water supply to fill a huge tank constructed under their stage. By means of ropes, the stage itself could be lifted to the ceiling in order to leave the tank open for sensation or spectacle. The **Siege of Gibralter,** given here, was the beginning of tank spectacles. The rage did not reach its height however, until Elliston, at the expense of £5,000, produced the melodramatic spectacle, **The Cataract of the Ganges,** at Drury Lane. Intrinsically, the play was worthless, but this production was the greatest of the "tank dramas," and as such, utterly captured the fancy of the public. The **British Press,** commenting on it, said: "It does infinite credit to Mr. Wallack, the getter-upper, (or producer, in modern parlance) but none at all to the author, for all its attraction consists in new scenery, splendid decorations, and above all, in the stud of horses and a car drawn by six additional ones . . . The real horses and real water completely establish the success of the piece."[7]

Such was the state of the contemporary theatre of the time that the most highly satisfactory educational experiment of the 19th century proved to be Samuel Phelp's staging of thirty-four of Shakespeare's plays at Sadler's Wells during the years between 1844 and 1862.

However, with the insistence upon verisimilitude the stage began to take its modern form. But realism could not fully be attained until the theatre of the 80's, for dramatic realism demands machinery of a highly complex sort. If a change of set required no more than running in a set of wings and lowering a back-drop, no elaborate system of control was needed, but in the later days of built-up sets, sets which abandoned the two-dimensional for the three-dimensional, the older methods of scene-shifting became cumbersome and inefficient. Nicoll says, "by 1880, the theatre was well equipped for the realist director, and by 1900, there was little left for him to ask."[8]

[7] **The Theatrical Observer** Nos. 602 and 5248 quoted in Watson Ernest Bradlee, **Sheridan to Robertson.** Cambridge, 1926.

[8] Nicoll, p. 177.

The Romantic theatre was definitely on its way out: it had delayed its departure too long. Mordecai Gorelik gives an excellent description of the mess the stage was in: "In the later years of Romanticism, the Baroque style became a caricature of itself. Theatre auditoriums, their orchestras and galleries vastly enlarged to accommodate a new middle class public, fairly dripped festoons. The proscenium was a picture-frame outlined in gilded plaster weighing many tons. Middle class actors strutted, struck noble poses, went into tirades, whispered 'asides' to the galleries in imitation of long-forgotten aristocrats."(9)

As the theatre began slowly to discard the crass posing of the Victorian age, its technical aides helped it along. Theatre architects now normally made provisions for high grids, so that scenes might now be "flown", and, not contented with that, invented means for making stages turn, sink and slide, rise up in sections, and descend in mass. No longer was the stage a set of boards on supporting bars, with a trap or two for supernatural effects; it was composed of many sections taking shape as a series of steps, a flat forward area, with a pit behind.

A set could be erected underneath the stage and, the act finished, part of the stage floor might sink with its scenery, move aside, and let the new scene be raised.

Helping the new take the place of the old was Arthur Wing Pinero, who sounded what has been called the first note of the modern English drama in **The Second Mrs. Tanqueray** (1893), a play which retained its youthfulness sufficiently to be revived for the summer theatre by Tallulah Bankhead in 1940.

The last contribution to the Victorian stage was the most important, for it opened the way for many artists who were to follow and to build. It was made by Edward Gordon Craig and came at the close of the Victorian era. To those who questioned the value of the realistic scene at the end of the 19th century, the theory of the plastic stage, in which scenery is made to serve the emotional content of the play, became a question-mark of burning importance. However, it was not until 1905 that the great English dreamer of the theatre, Gordon Craig, had the daring to come out in active revolt against the flat and shallow artificiality of the accepted mode of design on the English stage.

Craig set out to achieve this miracle himself, but because he was an ardent champion of ivory towers, and disregarded the architectural limitations of the theatre, he did not succeed. Nevertheless he had blazed a trail for others to follow. With creative minds no longer corseted by Victorian inhibitions, the theatre might once more renew its eternal striving to become what Hebbel called "the only possible pause in a man's life."

(9) Gorelik, Mordecai. **New Theatres For Old.** N. Y. 1940.

The Educational Charm — A Biblical Creation

by Prof. BRUNO Z. KISCH

The practices of idolatry and sorcery are major sins in the eyes of the Torah and are therefore strictly prohibited by it. Two specific commandments were especially designed as aids in the observation of this prohibition.

It must be realized that the Jews during the biblical period were surrounded by pagan and barbaric races who were given to practices of idol worship and sorcery. As a matter of fact, up to the time of the granting of the Torah, the Jews themselves engaged in such conduct. It is therefore historically important to analyze measures taken by the Torah in combatting these tendencies.

Of the two commandments spoken of above, the first is to the effect that man should dominate the earth and its animal inhabitants.(1) This implies a scientific attitude, berett of superstition and witchcraft: an amazingly modern conception of the role of scientific investigation in achieving a victory over the elements of nature.

The second of these commandments, more particular in character but likewise original and fundamental, involves the wearing of the ceremonial fringes,(2) to serve as a charm for educational purposes. The practice of wearing charms is almost as ancient as man and nearly as universal. As a rule, charms were implements of sorcery and witchcraft, although some were remedial in nature. Before differentiating however, let us define the charm.

A charm may be defined as an object worn somewhere on the body, in no wise materially visible, in order to produce a desired effect.

To illustrate, a capsule containing radium which is brought into contact with some part of the body in order to destroy a malignant tissue is not a charm since the influence of the radium is understandable in material and tangible terms. A coral worn on the body as a protection against the supposedly malignant effects of the "evil eye" is definitely a magic charm.

1) 1;28
2) ועשו להם ציצית

The efficacy of a magic charm is supposed to reside in its power over ghosts, spirits and other entities of the immaterial world. Such power may be both positive and negative, offensive and defensive. It is a positive and offensive power insofar as the spirit may be compelled to the performance of a task. It is a negative and defensive power insofar as the spirit is prevented from accomplishing harm. Primarily, however, the role of the magic charm is a defensive one.

If an object is worn on the body for purely remedial purposes, even though the precise nature of the action on the body is not clear, it is regarded as a medical instrument and is not to be classified as a magic charm. This, in the writer's opinion, was the principle of Abaya and Raba (Sabbath, 67a) when they said: "Everything which functions in a material, medical fashion, is not to be regarded as sorcery."[3]

That this type of scientific medical appliance should also be perverted to magical charms by unscrupulous promoters, is to be expected. A modern example of this is to be found in the writer's collection. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, a "remedy" for rheumatic diseases, circulated widely in Europe, was a fragment of leather or felt suspended between two metallic plates connected by strong thread. The whole contraption was hung around the neck by means of lace. Perspiration moistening it was supposed to charge the object electrically and the continuous current supposedly generated was regarded as the sure cure for rheumatism. So far as that aspect of it was concerned, the contrivance was surely a preposterously conceived medical charm. The manufacturer of this gadget had it shaped as a cross and it was commercially known as the Volta-Kreuz. He obtained a license for it in Austria (No. 50704) and attempted to capitalize on its magical as well as medical aspects. Thereafter observant Jews refused to purchase it and the crafty manufacturer resorted to shaping the charm in the form of a star and a half moon when he peddled it to Jewish customers. This story serves to demonstrate that the deep rooted superstitions underlying the charm, are still somewhat operative in our own day.

The Torah taboos all charms of a magical nature because they are conducive to sorcery. An entirely novel and original type of charm, without any magic, was created by the Torah, however, which served even more effectively to remove the effects of sorcery and witchcraft from the Jewish people. This type of charm is pedagogical and educational. (L IV 15;37 ff.)

The function of the fringes appended to the Jews' clothing is clearly educational. It serves to remind the Jew of his religious duties and obligations which, by means of them, are ever present before the mind's eye. Besides its potency in the direction of rendering the Jewish people a distinctive and holy congregation, this educational charm also serves as a manifestation of the absence of magical significance.

3) כל דבר שיש בו משום רפואה אין בו משום דרכי האמורי

The Political Philosophy of Woodrow Wilson

by ABRAHAM KARP, '42

★

Since the inception of the American nation, two theories of government have stood in constant opposition. These theories are commonly associated with their respective champions during the formative stages of our government — Hamilton and Jefferson.

Hamiltonism — government by an aristocratic group — denies that the great mass of common people have the ability to rule themselves. It upholds the all-importance of "private property" rights, and contends that persons who have the greatest financial stake in the commercial and industrial enterprises of our country are the ones qualified to conduct the government.

Jeffersonian democracy has its roots in the dignity and sacredness of the human being. It proclaims confidence in the ability of the common people to rule for themselves.

The twentieth century found in the United States a complete victory of Hamiltonism, in practice if not in theory. A "special interest" class had grown up and captured the government and the phrase "by the people" became just so much more Lincoln lore. Property rights were paramount. Human rights had become a pet phrase of the politicians, and no more.

Into this setting stepped Wilson, a man with a principle and a purpose. The principle was the belief and trust "in the average integrity and average intelligence of the American people", and the purpose to return the government to the people.

Wilson's political ideals were a twentieth century restatement of Jeffersonian democracy. His is a vote of confidence in the common people. He insists that the government be more concerned with human rights than property rights, for "property is an instrument of humanity, humanity is not an instrument of property."[1] He calls for a release of "the generous energies of our people", for a bettering of the fruit of government by the strengthening of the nourishing roots — the common people. He calls for a NEW FREEDOM, where people will be free — and free to govern for themselves, for "freemen need no guardians".

Wilson calls not only for the political emancipation of the American people, but for the economic as well. Economic liberty means the equilibration of the contending economic forces,[2] and ultimately their voluntary co-ordination. The Clayton Anti-Trust Law freed labor from the ensnaring web of anti-trust legislation by declaring that "A man's labor is not a commodity or article of commerce, but a part of his life."

The "curse of bigness"[3] was recognized by Wilson as a paralyzing agent in American growth. "Bigness" upset the equipoise of America's economic structure. It survived only through the exploitation of the great mass of the American people. The anti-trust and anti-tariff forces found no greater champion than Wilson, for trusts and the tariff favored the "privileged" at the expense of the "majority".

"Society is an organism — government an organ."

Government, says Wilson, exists as a social organ and its aim is the accomplishment of the objects of organized society.

Broadly speaking there have been four stages in the development of government: (1) where the government or governing body held the people subject by means of force; (2) where government was master not only by sheer force but by virtue of insight and fitness; (3) where force and insight failed and the government found itself face to face with the leaders of the people; and (4) where the leaders of the people became the governing agents.

The last stage is what we know as constitutional government. Wilson defines it as a government "whose powers have been adapted to the interests of its people and to the maintenance of individual liberty."[4] The object of constitutional government is the maintenance of the practical adjustment between the power of the government and the privilege of the individual. A true doctrine for the objects of

[1] Woodrow Wilson, **The New Freedom.**
[2] This theory was greatly expanded and expounded by Justice Holmes in his writings and decisions.
[3] Here the influence of the thought of Justice Brandeis is strongly felt.
[4] Woodrow Wilson. **Constitutional Government in the United States.**

government would be one which gives "wide freedom to the individual for his development and yet guards that freedom against competition that kills, and reduces the antagonism between self development and social development to a minimum." The basis of government, then, is the individuality of the human being and the realization that man is a social being.

Government is, in the final analysis, a government of men, not law. Wilson disagrees with the widely accepted belief, perhaps best stated in the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, "that in the end this may be a government of law — not of men." This he claims is, in effect, a play on words, for law is what man interprets it to be. In a constitutional government, the law is interpreted by a judiciary, and in the end, "constitutional government is as good as its courts; no better — no worse."[6] The responsibility placed upon the court system is very great. The function of a judiciary in a constitutional government is to interpret the law objectively, with one eye on the book and the other on the everchanging pattern of social relationships in the given society."[7]

The duty of the representative bodies is primarily criticism and restraint. Wilson favors the type of representative government that is found in England, where the main energies of parliament are devoted to question and debate, not to legislation.

Systematically planned legislation is to be proposed by the executive branch of the government, and then considered and enacted by the legislature — or more correctly, the parliament. The executive of the state must feel the pulse of the people formulate policy accordingly, and must at all times consider himself the chief spokesman for the people, — and as long as he correctly interprets the wishes of the people, he is irresistable, his power supreme. His duty it is as well to coordinate the various branches of government so that the state functions as an organic whole, that cooperation and efficiency exist in place of friction and jealousies.

Wilson views society as dynamic. And since government is an organ of the organism, society, it too must be dynamic. The keynote to his "New Freedom" is "Nothing is done in this country as it was done twenty years ago."[8] The structure of social relationships has changed, and government must change with it. There must be a constant adjustment of governmental assistance to the needs of a changing social and industrial organization."[9] This change in the disposition and policies of government must be parallel with the changes in the social scene. "Political growth

[5] Woodrow Wilson, **The State.**

[6] Woodrow Wilson, **Constitutional Government in the United States.**

[7] Here again the influence of Brandeis on Wilson comes to the fore in his emphasis on the importance of the social scene.

[8] Woodrow Wilson, **The New Freedom.**

[9] Woodrow Wilson, **The State.** President Roosevelt has borrowed this thought for the underlying philosophy of the New Deal.

refuses to be forced; and institutions which have grown with the slow growth of social relationships, have changed in response not to new theories, but to new circumstances.' [10]

"A living people needs a leader"

In every generation all sorts of speculation and thinking tend to fall under the formula of the dominant thought of the age. After the Newtonian theory of the universe had been developed, almost all thinking tended to express itself in analogies of Newtonian Theory. The Constitution of the United States was made under the dominion of Newtonian thought.[12] It was formulated as a solar system wherein "checks and balances" keep the Executive, Legislative, and Judiciary branches in their respective orbits.

By the time Wilson came upon the scene, Darwinism was the dominant matrix of thought. All phenomena were looked upon as developing organisms. The government, therefore, is not a legal machine, but a living thing. And as a living thing, its life depends upon the cooperation of its various organs, not on the "checks and balances" of its different branches.

Herein lies the formula of Wilson's criticism of the American government.

In the system of government set up by the constitution, three distinct and separate parts offset and check one another. The Executive, Legislative, and Judiciary have their own delegated powers which they guard jealously. The result is that a vacuum is set up on the periphery of power — which is filled in by the political bosses. The real power of government lies in the hands of political adventurers, who, through force or insight have coordinated the branches of government so that they fit their own needs. American government needs a legally and publically recognized leader who would coordinate the various branches of government for the benefit of the public at large. With this in mind, Wilson wrote his brilliant dissertation "Congressional Government", which shows the necessity for responsibility in American politics. By responsibility he meant the kind of leadership that has grown up in England. In an article which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1886, Wilson claims, "If we borrowed Ministerial responsibility from England . . . we should sacrifice by its adoption none of the great benefits and security which our federal system derives from clear enumeration of powers and an inflexible difficulty of amendment."[13]

[10] Woodrow Wilson, **The State.**
[12] Woodrow Wilson, **The New Freedom.**
[13] Woodrow Wilson, **Responsible Government and the Constitution.**

Moses Hess: Nationalist or "Weltverbesserer"

By THEODORE FRANKEL '42

It is the purpose of this article to show that while Moses Hess was nothing less than a political Zionist in the modern sense, he nevertheless was an ardent believer in an imminent renaissance of the Jewish people. This faith he based on two factors:[1] the national character of Jewry, and the general world situation in his time.

Hess believed that this tenacity and steadfastness would finally be acknowledged by the world, and that the Jews would be given the opportunity of reuniting as one people.[2] Secondly, he observed in his time a general conflagration of rising nationalism among the oppressed minorities, a flame which France, through its world shaking revolution, had kindled. France, the great champion of humanity, would serve as a prototype for a national renaissance, and Jewry would take its place alongside the other liberated nations.

But this national renaissance, rather than being an end in itself, was for Hess a means for the religious rebirth of Israel. We are able to see this clearly when he says: "Through national renaissance (we shall come) to the reawakening of the religious genius of Judaism".[3]

Hess regards the Jewish people as the chosen tool of G-d, the tool which will lead the whole world toward the understanding and love of the Almighty, and ultimately toward the Messianic kingdom.

He claims that this Messianic era, a time when men will have a complete understanding of G-d, is already slowly being approached by mankind. The first sign of this he says, is a deepening of the understanding that men are not the center of the universe, and that their existence is not merely a consequence of the mechanical interplay of blind forces. We have already recognized that there exists a universal law according to which nature and men are created. This divine scheme connects in its unity the whole universe and binds together the organic, social and cosmic life. The difference between man and organic nature is that the former, as a rational being, is able to recognize the existence of the divine law.

1 "Rome and Jerusalem" pp. VII, 2.
2 Ibid. pp. VI, 29.
3 Ibid. pp. 127.

When all mankind will recognize and conform with the divine order, we shall then have reached the Messianic era. To his further delight Hess sees in contemporary science an approach toward the understanding of this one law. He therefore concludes that the Messianic era cannot be far off.

With the foregoing introduction, the author proceeds to the main argument of his book. He claims that long before science made the first hesitant steps toward the recognition of the universal law, Jewish genius proclaimed this thesis of universal 'ACHDUTH", and lived in accordance with it. "Wenn wir den Geschishtsplan, wie er uns in den heiligen Schriften der Israeliten vorliegt, mit vorurteilsfreien Geist erfassen, so erkennen wir in dem selben, nicht nur die Einheit des Menschens geschlechts, sondern das einzige Wesen des ganzen kosmischen, organischen, und sozialen Lebens."[4] If we grasp the historical blueprint of the history of the world as the Holy Scriptures of the Israelites conceives it, we can recognize not only the unity of humanity but also the unity of the cosmic, organic and social Life. The Holy Scriptures assume the unity of G-d in spite of the manifold variety of His manifestations; it assumes the unity of the human race in spite of the variety of the human races because the whole plan of the history of the world was clearly apparent to the Geist of the Jewish Nation from the beginning of its history. The Jews had long ago propounded the unity of this great all-embracing law and force; they had long known that an Almighty power connects man and nature indeterminately, so that they are one.

When Israel had conceived and proclaimed this eternal truth, it began to live it. Israel's religion was crystalized into its history. The Jews began to live a "Geshichts-Religion." And their mission throughout the ages was to teach the people of the world the eternal law of unity by living it. The Jewish religion was admirably adapted to teach this basic principle, its religious ceremonies and institutions spelling the spirit of nearness and oneness with G-d and the universe. Not only religion but nature itself equipped the Jewish race physically and spiritually for its great mission.[5]

Israel in its long period of exile always lived according to its mission. But the dire sufferings which the Jews experienced did not allow them to completely live up to their ideal. Another factor which hindered the Jewish genius in its development was the fact that the Jewish people were dispersed in foreign countries and spoke in foreign tongues. Jewish genius can reach its peak only in its own language, Hebrew, and in its own country, Palestine. To quote Hess: "Was vollends die Einheit von Lehre und Leben betrifft, so kann nur eine Nation, welche sich staatlich organisiert sie in ihren sozialen Institutionen zur Wahrheit machen."[6] In its own country, the Jewish religious elan will raise the Jewish nation to the heights of religious and social life and by brilliant example it will inspire the other nations to follow it. This then would witness the ushering in of the Messianic era. All sciences are for us: France will return Palestine to us and there we shall build a model state in which we shall realize the idea of Achduth.

[4] Ibid pp. 128.
[5] Ibid. Note VII pp. 214-226.
[6] Ibid. p. 128.

Jewish national revival was for Hess not an aim in itself but rather a means for religious Jewish renaissance and the subsequent religious rebirth of all nations. Hess was not a nationalist in the modern sense, but he loved his people ardently and he could give his love no better expression than by proclaiming his people to be the chosen tool of divine providence for human redemption.

Hess was a dreamer and a romanticist; he was what the Germans call a "weltverbesserer". All his life he had sought to improve mankind. In his search he had gone astray, he had encountered Marxism and liberalism, the philosophies of the international proletariat and bourgeoisie respectively. Now he came back disillusioned and disappointed. Surprisingly enough, he found home after some twenty-five years.[7] Sentimentalist that he was, he loved his old-new home with passion. Thus it was only natural for him to find in the teaching of his people the panacea for human suffering. What he had looked for in vain in the great world, he found right in his own home! He was so overwhelmed by this discovery that he did not take the time to organize his ideas in an orderly fashion. He had to inform mankind at once about the marvellous cure he had found for all their sufferings. He could not hold back any longer, he had to awaken his people and show them their great mission. As a result, his book is without any preconceived order, without even the slightest attempt at organization of ideas. He merely jotted down in a stream of consciousness everything that occurred to him. His book presents to the reader a hodge-podge of impressions, thoughts, aphorisms, wishes, and polemics mixed together and served in letter form. It merely represents the writer's attempt to transcribe psychological experiences in terms of a logical structure.

It is not the "message" which Hess conveys to us that has intrinsic values for us today, but rather his fiery love and fervent devotion to his people which manifests itself in every sentence.

Thus, he asserts that the Jews are a superior race, who are destined to lead the peoples of the earth to Messianic kingdom. In order to drive home this point he offers the most far-fetched proofs. By exaggerating and misinterpreting Darwin's theory he attempts to prove Israel's racial superiority and the doctrine of the "chosen people". By long exploded biological experiments he tries to establish the unity of the universe scientifically. There is no attempt made to build up a system of philosophy. The notions lack clarity and the language is obscure.

In Hess, we see a kindred, though much inferior, spirit to Yehuda Halevi. Like this great poet he believed that Israel is the heart of the nations, G-d's chosen tool of the redemption of the world. He, too, proclaims that Israel can live a complete life only in the land of the fathers and the Hebrew language. With this national love he combines the love for all mankind.

[7] See Waxman's introduction to the English translation of Rome and Jerusalem, p. 18-39.

Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida

by HENRY MARGOLIS '42

Stories of the middle ages, as is now well known, are intimately connected with the history of English fiction and show a strong influence on the modern novel. These stories appeared in the form of legends, tales, ballads, and romances, but the most important and significant form of literature at the time was the romance. Commonly, medieval romance is separated into three divisions: Matter of France, Matter of Britain, and Matter of Rome or Antiquity. In this particular paper we shall concern ourselves with the development of a romance stemming from the Matter of Antiquity, for from this story there evolved what was perhaps the crowning achievement of literary effort of the middle ages, Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida." Interestingly enough, the English at this time considered themselves Trojan by descent and therefore were quick to takes stories of Troy to their hearts.

In the second century,[1] Dictys Cretensis transcribed the annals of the Trojan war in a work entitled "Ephemeris Belli Trojani," and in the sixth century another history of the war was written by Dares Phrygius, "Historia Exchidis Trojae." But the first important use of this theme during the middle ages was "Roman de Troie," by Benoit de Sainte More, which was a popular poem of some thirty thousand lines. Another important version of this romance, called "Historia Destructionis Trojae," was penned by Guido delle Colonne and was based for the most part on Dares' work. Aside from these, there were numerous other adaptations of this theme, among which might be mentioned "De Bello Trojano" by Joseph Exeter, Caxton's "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troyes," and finally, the "Geste Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy," which is the earliest extant version of the theme in English, a translation of Guido.

From the mass of information contained in these many works and with the aid of Boccaccio's "Il Filostrato," Chaucer derived the material which forms the basis of his masterpiece of extended narration. While a good many of the details of the development of the tale of Troilus and Cressida are lost, enough remains to give us an idea of how the romance evolved. In Dares' work, a character named Briseida, Achilles' mistress, is mentioned briefly and a young warrior, Troilus, is noticed in passing, but nowhere is mention made of a connection between the two. As far as can be determined, Briseida's love for Troilus and Diomed was developed in tales now lost to us.

[1] Authorities differ as to the date when Dictys lived; some of them, like Karl Young, claiming he wrote in the fourth century.

In the Benoit version, the author places emphasis on Diomed's winning over Briseida's love which had been pledged to Troilus. Boccaccio shifted the emphasis, making the affair between Troilus and Cressida the most important in the book. The Italian, who had been deserted by his lady,[2] apparently wrote his "Filostrato" to express his sentiments about the unfortunate affair. In Boccaccio, Briseida becomes Griseida and at the same time a widow. Another character is introduced in Pandaro, her cousin, a gay gallant who compromises Griseida to satisfy his friend, Troilus. Boccaccio makes several other changes as well. The siege of Troy is relegated to the background and the Troilus story is brought to the fore. Boccaccio gives an account of Troilus' love from its inception while Guido and Benoit give us to understand that Troilus was already the accepted lover of Cressida.[3]

Chaucer gleaned the high points of all these various versions and composed the supreme work of them all. "Troilus and Cressida" is more than an approximation of a modern novel; it is a novel completely "modern" and able to stand on its own merits as comparable to the best of fictional narrative. Its plot is carefully manipulated with the dramatic force of the author everywhere in evidence, its characters are brilliantly delineated, and its subtle psychological unfolding skillfully wrought.

The modern reader might be inclined to think the novel verbose; he might feel the speeches to be too long; he might believe the lengthy discussions on predestination and free will to be superfluous. But he must realize that Chaucer was a product of his times. A man who was conversant with Boethius' "De Consolatione Philosophie" would naturally tend to dwell on predestination and free will, a highly disputed subject in Chaucer's day. Long declamatory speeches were the order during this period.

Yet, even on the basis of criteria which we establish for a great work today, "Troilus and Cressida" must rank, if not among the best of novels, at least among the greatest of narrative poems. In handling a story in which mental conflict is of foremost importance, Chaucer proves himself well able to cope with the psychological novel. As a master of detail and characterization, he need not give way to any author.

There is not much difference between the plots of Chaucer's work and the "Filostrato," yet one feels that he is reading an entirely different work in the Englishman's endeavor. Pandaro becomes Cressida's uncle and is no longer loose in his morals. He is a sincere friend of Cressida and Troilus, doing his utmost for their mutual benefit and protection. Chaucer's Pandarus is completely unselfish, pointing all his efforts for the happiness of the lovers. His never-failing wit and good humor sparkle throughout like the rays of the sun dancing on the ocean swells, bobbing up and down, but ever present so long as the sun continues to shine. And when gloom settles over his friend, Pandarus persists in his efforts to assist Troilus.

[2] Kitteredge, G. L., **Chaucer and His Poetry**, Harvard University Press, 1916 p. 121.
[3] French, R., **A Chaucer Handbook**, F. S. Crofts & Co. 1936 Chap. 3.

Exactly why Pandarus is so much interested in arranging the affair between the two is subject to many interpretations. Perhaps he felt that such an arrangement would be advantageous to his niece, for Troilus was a prince of wide renown and of upright character, a temptation for any woman. Perhaps he felt it his duty, as a close friend of the prince, to aid him in gaining that which would make him happy. Perhaps it was a combination of these reasons. In modern terms we might explain the matter by saying that as a frustrated lover Pandarus was anxious that others be happy in their love affairs. There is just one mention in the book that he was indeed a frustrated lover. Troilus says to him,

"If thou hast had in love ay yet mischaunce,
And canst it not out of thyn herte dryve . . . . . "

As for Troilus, he is the central character of the book and all the action revolves about him. He is pictured in the best tradition of the middle ages, a brave knight who suffers untold torment for his beloved. His is a tragic figure and, from the very first lines, the dark shadow of doom casts itself over him.

"The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,
That was the king Priamus sone of Troye,
In lovinge, how his aventures fellen
Fro wo to wele, and after out of joye . . . . . "

This feeling that Troilus cannot escape his fate pervades the entire story, oppressing the reader constantly.

His love for Cressida brings about great changes in the Trojan prince. Where he was scornful, he becomes humble; his cynicism is converted into a feeling of humility, which is his most appealing characteristic. His love for Cressida is pure and fiery, as faultless as newly fallen snow and as hot as the burning gases of the sun. Before meeting Cressida, Troilus could say, sneeringly,

"I have herd told, pardieux, of your livinge,
Ye lovers, and your lewede observaunces,
And which a labour folk han in winninge
Of love, and in the keping, which doutances;
And whan your preye is lost, wo and penaunces;
O verrey foles! nyce and blinde be ye;
Ther nis not oon can war by other be."

But once having set his eye on the fair Cressida, Troilus quickly changed his tune.

" . . . . . Oh fool, now are thou in the snare,
That whilom japedest at love peynes
Now artow hent, now gnaw thyn ownes cheyne."

And then, after having felt the first pangs of love, the amorous swain could not refrain from bursting forth into this paean of love.

"If no love is, O god, what fele I so?
And if love is, what thing and whiche is he?
If love be good, from whennes comth my wo?
If it be wikke, a wonder thinketh me,
When every torment and adversitee
That cometh of him, may to me savory thinke;
For ay thurst I, the more that I it drinke."

Professor J. S. Tatlock says, "Troilus' portrait is ill balanced since valor is seen mostly in the background and is usually relegated to things of the heart. The purpose is not to sculpture him in the round, merely in high relief."[4] It would seem that Professor Tatlock has missed an important point, namely that in the middle ages the role of the heart in the drama of life was a leading one. Once one takes into consideration the period during which this book came to light, a period in which the people were brought up on stories of "l'amour," then one can see Troilus as a well rounded character.

Of course, Troilus does not seem to have the powerful characteristics of Diomed; he is not so aggressive as the Greek. But apparently that is the impression with which Chaucer wanted to leave us.

It is Cressida who proves to be the most interesting figure in this great love story, the one who arouses the greatest amount of speculation, for she is as baffling to herself as she is enigmatic to us. All of Chaucer's power of characterization was brought to bear in fashioning this character. She is a complete individual, a real, live, three-dimensional figure, breathing with the vitality which the author has instilled in her.

Chaucer describes Cressida as being 'tendre-herted, slyding of corage' and this description is indeed a happy expression of her character. At the same time she is cautious, highly intelligent, considering all facets of a problem before arriving at any conclusions, and she is cool headed. Even while being untrue to Troilus, she commiserates with him and suffers with him, for her soft heart makes her feel for him. But her head rules her heart and even in the very heat of her love-making with Troilus, the cock's crow announcing the break of dawn brings her down to earth and the realization that the time for love is done.

[4] Tatlock, J. S., **The People in Chaucer's Troilus**, P.M.L.A., Vol. LVI, No. 1.

According to the medieval frame of reference, Cressida's sin was not her affair with Troilus but rather her forsaking the Trojan for Greek Diomed. Chaucer passes judgment on Cressida for her faithlessness but does not set himself up as her executioner. Once her usefulness in the progress of the story is completed, the author has done with her. He is willing to permit his readers and future interpreters of the theme to do with Cressida what they will.

In this respect, Shakespeare saw fit to follow the path of Chaucer. [5] But one poet, Robert Henryson, in his "Testament of Cressida," felt that she should be punished for the wrongdoing she committed and made the priest's daughter suffer a most horrible end. In his treatment, Cressida is forsaken by Diomed and finally becomes a leper who lives, as did all lepers, by begging. Troilus, returning from a successful foray against the Greeks, passes Cressida on the road and, his heart stirred by pity, throws the mendicant a gift of money, not recognizing his former lover. Thus does poetic justice wreak its vengeance on the hapless Cressida.

Although "Troilus and Cressida" owes a great deal to "Filostrato" there are a number of differences between the two which not only mark Chaucer's work as the superior, but which indicate that the English version is more original than one might be led to believe from a cursory examination. In Chaucer, the significance of the work is not in Cressida's treachery but in the hardness of fate. Boccaccio makes fickleness the moral of his story. As Snell puts it, " 'Filostrato' has exterior grace, is wholly sensuous in tone, preaches no philosophy, exhibits no knowledge of the human heart." From this alone we can see the great difference between the two works.

"Troilus and Cressida" stands at the pinnacle of literary achievement of the middle ages. It has as much originality as any of Shakespeare's works. While the book is written in the best tradition of the period, it contains a spark which transcends the time in which it was written, the spark of greatness. If medieval narration can boast of nothing else, "Troilus and Cressida" stands in its defense.

[5] Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" is an inferior effort, interesting only in the development of this theme.

The Humor in Bialik's Works

by ISRAEL LERNER, '43

Incorporating within himself two aspects of the Jewish soul, suffering imposed by a holocaust of hostility and laughter emanating from an inner radiating source, Chaim Nachman Bialik (1873-1934) bequeathed to us a multi-faceted literary work. Although his fame rests primarily on those works in which he shows the perpetually pitiable plight of the Jews, his other works must not be neglected. A man who refuses to become deaf to life's lighter chatter in spite of the predominating volume of its graver elements, shows that he and the people he comes from, are of stern stuff.

Bialik's soaring imagination rebelled against literary narrowness. Just as he did not limit his fiery thoughts to one specified literary mold, so did he not exploit one mine of humor to the exclusion of all others. His writings contain spices that were originally ground by his literary teacher and friend, "Mendele Mocher Seforim," but they also have a powerful original flavor. Mendele methodically built up a long story whenever he felt constrained to satirize certain aspects of Jewish life in Czarist Russia. Bialik, on the other hand, expresses the essence of his observations in a few lines of poetry, or in a short story, in such a manner that clearly chiseled works of art emerge before our eyes.

Bialik hurls his satiric shafts against emptiness. While he views with scorn the materialistic point of view and the profound ignorance of certain Main Street Jews, he objects still more strenuously to the half-baked intellectual. Knowing that opportunity for material and cultural advancement was curtailed in Romanov Russia, Bialik could sympathize somewhat with the unlearned small town Jew. This can be seen from the two stories, "Aryay Baal-Guf"[1] and "Behind the Fence."[2] In these works he describes a healthy, ignorant and indifferent type of Jew, the type represented by Aryay and Noah, the two heroes. The author is interested in them not because he approves of their way of life, but because the recesses of their minds at least do not serve as hideouts of hypocrisy. Even when Bialik writes more bluntly about the small-town type of Jew, as in his poem "Who Knows the City of Listina?"[3] we can find a good-natured undertone beneath its satiric lines:

"What's the business of a Listinite?
There's one who belches, one who sweats,
And one who yawns every night.
There's a joker, and one gets
"Maftir" without missing an affair;
And one whose hogs'-hairs business nets
Him millions, if there were hogs there."[4]

1 Complete Works, Tel-Aviv, 1933. Book Two, Page One.
2 Ibid. Page 39.
3 Complete Works, Book One. Page 201.
4 All quotations are free translations by writer of this essay from the original.

However he found very few good words for the aforementioned individuals who left the intellectual oven too soon and who thought of themselves as finished teachers and writers, whereas in reality they were but callow artists in content and style. It is no wonder that so erudite a person in Jewish learning as Bialik, regarded the invasion of the provinces of Jewish culture and Jewish affairs by the self-styled intellectuals and leaders as sacrilege of the meanest sort.

In the description entitled "The Merchant,"[1] a short, stocky, gesticulating, slow-witted, and nimble-tongued fellow is drawn quickly but expertly before our eyes. The merchant is the financial wizard of the community. The trouble is that he is regarded as the buzzard of the town. The preceding year he proclaimed at the top of his voice and from the bottom of his heart that they should give him wine for business purposes. But, he told them, to keep away from pickles as from cholera. Heeding not his words, his fellow merchants did just the opposite, dragged him into it, and he was almost ruined; that is to say his financial ability to carry on business was over. But do not think the finer and nobler things in Judaism escape his attention. Here are the Merchants's own words in portraying his contribution to the survival of Zionism.

> "So, so . . . . I work. I and my cousin Velvel. Last Simchas Torah I and my cousin Velvel wanted to take a Torah to a separate room in which the donations would be dedicated for Zionistic purposes . . . . came up our two fathers, mine and Velvel's, and said 'no.' What can you do with a father? Suddenly Velvel sprang up . . . . Let's exchange. You take care of my father and I will take care of yours . . . . and so it was. I pushed Velvel's father away and Velvel pushed mine. And the Torah was taken to a separate room . . . . By the way, tell me, to whom do I have the honor of speaking . . . . What! An author? Then I'll read my poem to you right now. It only has one hundred and nineteen stanzas."[2]

Nevertheless Bialik, the humorous, friendly, smiling Bialik cannot condemn a man completely. He says of the merchant; "Sometimes . . . . I say: good for nothing . . . . go to . . . . and at times I sigh and say: You pure soul . . Woe to you and woe to your life!"[3]

Bialik's satire, unlike most satires, is constructive. While a great many satiric works are written in a supercillious vain, and therefore tend to grind everything distasteful to dust, Bialik's is in the nature of a prop to strengthen the weak points in the Jewish life about him. Where decay has set in in the structure of Jewish society, our author uses his devastating tools with effect. However, even then, we can discern a method in the destruction as if the author's blueprint called for saving the

[1] Ibid. Book Two, Page 167.
[2] Ibid. Page 170.
[3] Ibid. Page 167.

bits of good material that are intermingled with the decaying matter. Since it is a labor of love it accomplishes complete results. For by ferreting out the faults of the fathers, Bialik aids the younger generation to build high enough to reach its fondest aspirations.

Occupying the next place of importance in Bialik's humor is the anecdote. In the satire the faults of his fellow Jews are depicted, while in the anecdote, his own personal failings are described. Sitting on a pinnacle is, at its best a lonely position, and at its worst a precarious adventure which may end in a downward plunge with the slightest false move. He therefore never desired to inspire awe in the hearts of people. The anecdotes reveal him as decidedly human and, therefore, all the more lovable.

In "Attergrowth"[1] Bialik describes how, as a child, he learned the alphabet. Looking at the Hebrew alphabet for the first time, he began to probe his childish memory in an attempt to find something associable with the letters. Little by little the letters assumed the shape of soldiers in a marching line. The third letter which had its foot forward, (the "gimmel") especially enchanted him. The Rabbi, without much ado, began by showing him the "Aleph" when he was checked by a troubled look on the child's face.

"Well, what is the matter?" inquired the Rabbi. "What are you looking for?

"The drummer," was the response of the child, who couldn't conceive of an army without one. The Rabbi eyed him, transfixed.

"Goy, this is an 'aleph'. Say aleph, aleph."[2] But the army fixation persisted in putting up a last ditch fight until a thorough thrashing effected its annihilation.

Even more indicative of Bialik's preference to be regarded as a man of the people is the short sketch entitled: "To the Rule of the March."[3] The poet was sitting one day in his chamber and was trying to find an appropriate rhythm and meter to form the lines of poetry that were in his mind, when the martial rhythm of a march burst forth in the street. A parade of soldiers was passing by. Enchanted by the tune of the march, the whole population of the town seemed to keep it going long after the parade passed away. The woman swept the stairs to the tune of the march. The woodchopper accomplished his task in the same manner. Everybody was captivated. "Gregarious animals" thought our poet. "One march tune comes along and destroys all their individuality. The cursed thing will probably rule the town for many days to come. Ah, it is only we poets who were endowed with the

[1] Ibid Page 121. Most of the material in the story is autobiographical.
[2] Ibid Page 132.
[3] Ibid Page 202.

gift of individuality." Suddenly our poet felt that the inspiration for the proper rhythm had arrived. He wrote his poem. To his immense amazement, after it was finished he noticed that it followed not the pathways of the excepted rhythm but instead it was infested with that of the march.

The magnetic power of the anecdote lies not only in the fact that personal experience, it interesting, arouses interest in others, but also because an anecdote mirrors a past of which we or our ancestors were once a part. Our own memory or imagination brings to the fore actual occurrences or fabricated stories of the times with which the anecdote deals. Many people may be prejudiced against certain portions of the meat of history as being too heavy to digest, but most of us can stomach the gravy without undue difficulties. Cooking this gravy, however, requires skill of which few are possessed. Bialik's anecdotes are so expertly flavored and satisfying that we usually call for a second and third helping.

In the article entitled "The Melitz, The Tsfira, and the Color of the Paper"[1] a new way of studying geography is presented. Allowing practically no secular studies in the Yeshivos of those days, the teachers left it to the ingenuity of the pupils to pick up some broken crumbs of knowledge. Bialik, as a young boy, desired to learn some geography. In opening various editions of the tractates of the Talmud, he noticed names of cities such as Slavita and Zitomir. Now every tractate of the Zitomir edition was beautifully bound and printed. As a consequence, a picture of a clean, slushless, sunny city suggested itself. Her people emerged as healthy and good natured specimens of Homo Sapiens. On the other hand, the blurred print, rough paper and weak binding of the Slavita edition suggested a bleak and dreary image for their point of origin. The boy's mind fancied a perpetual snow and rain beleaguering a treeless city whose people must have suffered horribly from colds and tuberculosis. However, this mental edition of local geography had to be revised somewhat when the boy grew up and found out that it was not at all difficult to become ill at Zitomir and that Slavita was actually surrounded by forests and served as a health resort for tuberculars.

The lighter side of the struggle within Jewish education, whether or not to permit secular learning, unfolds itself. Pleading for the affirmative side of the controversy, the anecdote, in revealing the inquisitive nature of a boy, is a more powerful argument than a dozen long-winded speeches.

Not neglecting other aspects of humor, Bialik generously sprinkles "Prince Onions and Prince Garlic" with puns. A work of a farcical nature is "The Short Friday." But satire and anecdote are Bialik's chief vehicles of humorous expression. For they are not merely palatable pills which act as antidotes to the overdoses of melancholia, but they teach us, albeit in the sugar coated manner, about the people and the times which produced that unique phenomenon of Hebrew literature, Chaim Nachman Bialik.

[1] Ibid Page 203.

Nordau, The Great Realist

By WILLI FRANKEL '44

In several months the Zionist world will observe the twentieth anniversary of the death of Max Nordau, whose numerous activities have provided fascinating material for biographers and reviewers. Besides being celebrated as a great Zionist, the author of the "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization" gained renown for his "Interpretation of History", historical dramas, as well as other contributions to world literature.

Today, a generation after his death, Nordau's greatness is realized in an entirely new light; that of Nordau, the statesman.

During the last years of his life, Nordau was subjected to violent criticism by the Zionist leaders because he refused to believe that the Balfour Declaration signified the realization of Zionist aspirations.

The criticism against Max Nordau was best expressed by Dr. Zwi Perez Chajes, Chief Rabbi of Vienna, in a eulogy delivered at a memorial service for the great Zionist. "Herzl was a novelist, dreamer, and romanticist. Nordau was a scientist and a realist, endowed with extraordinary sharpness of mind. This pair stood at the head of the Zionist movement, and one might have expected that Max Nordau, the realist, should be the one to engage in politics, and not Dr. Herzl. However the contrary happened. Herzl became the politician while Nordau was never one. Nordau never played an active part in the birth of Zionism. There is a good reason for this. A pure rationalist cannot become a great statesman. He is in need of that romanticism and power of imagination which were possessed by Theodore Herzl."[1]

To gain a clearer insight into the matter necessitates further acquaintance with the Zionist activities of Max Nordau. In the creation of Zionism he played the role of moderator to Herzl's romanticism. Nordau played the Aaron to Herzl's Moses in Zionist leadership. Nordau could not participate in the activities preceding the Balfour Declaration, since at that time he was an exile in Spain. Immediately after the termination of the war he was called to London. However, he turned away from Weitzman and the other Zionist leaders, impelled by a critical understanding of the Balfour Declaration, which, he felt, could not withstand scrutiny under the microscope of pure reason. Weitzman, the romanticist, saw in it an auspicious promise. In vain Nordau warned his fellow Zionists at the Palestine Conference, which took place in

[1] Dr. Max Rosenfeld: Z. P. Chajes (Reden & Schriften) Vienna, 1933.

London in 1920, that there was a clique of reactionaries in Whitehall to whom the Balfour Declaration meant exactly nothing. However, the world at that time was a fertile ground for romanticism. The fortress of reaction and anti-semitism, the Romanoff empire, had been overthrown and the new regime had promised complete freedom to the Jews. Prussian militarism which was one of Europe's anti-semitic factors was no more. England and the United States had found in Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson liberal leaders who were outspoken friends of the Jewish people and the Zionist movement. Men like the Kaiser and the Sultan had disappeared from the European arena and humanitarians like Masaryk and Briand assumed leading roles in the management of political affairs. There is no wonder that romanticists like Weitzman and Chajes hoped for a new world, a world where all nations would recognize the old injustices done to the Jews and would strive towards their elimination. There is also no wonder that Weitzman and Chajes hailed the Balfour Declaration as the beginning of the end of the Diaspora, and were angered by Nordau's skepticism.

But Nordau the realist, scientist, and historian had to be skeptical. Nordau denied the existence of real progress in our civilization. He felt that the fact that fewer acts which the law regards as offences are committed, may be connected with the fact that in a better ordered State there is more supervision, and every transgression is immediately discovered and punished. With his instincts and passions, civilized man is no more moral than the savage, and man today is probably no different from his earliest predecessor.

"The chains that bind them are stronger, they are the ordinances of the State. But let them be once unfastened or even relaxed, and the demons will break out and rage as fearsome as of old." Nordau continues to show that the only progress man has achieved has been in the field of technical inventions. However, "it certainly denotes no advance in morality; the master of all the technical inventions of modern times is not necessarily only the better for them. They may, under certain circumstances, make it easier for him to satisfy his criminal selfishness. They do tempt him to abuse his superiority." No wonder then that Nordau, who did not believe in human progress, was skeptical of the Balfour Declaration, and saw in that liberal era of the 1920's only a transition period to another reactionary age, a new age of pogroms, wars and Ghettos.

Weitzman possessed and still possesses that amount of romanticism which we find in Herzl's "Judenstaat". However, it would be wrong to say that Herzl was completely unrealistic. The founder of the Zionist movement lived the life of an assimilated Jew. He was nearer to Catholicism than to Judaism when his eyes were opened at the Dreyfus trial. With the enthusiasm of a fresh convert he sat down to find a solution to the Jewish problem. He believed he had found it in the "Judenstaat". However, the "Judenstaat" was a mere dream based on wishful thinking rather than on the realities of life. In the "Judenstaat" Herzl proposed that Antisemitism was merely an outgrowth from materialistic roots.

He was convinced that once the Jew would show his willingness to return to his homeland, all nations and governments would support him enthusiastically. This belief was nothing more than a grand illusion. The hatred against the Jew is based on something more than commercial competition. It has deeply-sunk psychological bases, which cannot be disposed of in two words. When Herzl wrote his "Judenstaat", he wrote as a layman. Therefore, it is not realistic, but a dream-vision. But after completing the "Judenstaat", he became a Jewish leader schooled in the vicissitudes of Jewish tragedies. He saw that he could not expect much help from either his gentile adversaries, or from his Jewish brethren. So Herzl the romanticist and dreamer passed, and a new Herzl, a realistic Herzl was born. **And this Herzl was a Zionist.**

"For the Judenstaat," as Nordau said, "is an idealistic flight to heaven, it is no political national programme." [1]In the "Judenstaat" Herzl was only a poet. However, after having lived in the heaven of idealism he delved to earth, to reality. Here he founded Zionism, which is the policy carrying out the underlying ideas of the "Judenstaat". "Judenstaat" and Zionism are not identical. The "Judenstaat" is a dream-vision. **Zionism must be realistic.**

Max Nordau carried on Herzl's Zionism and Weitzman has been carrying on Herzl's "Judenstaat" policy. He has been laboring under illusory ideals. "In the world of illusions," wrote Nordau, "men are as comfortable as in the warm huts inside which the cold, storm, and rain without go unobserved. However, the cold blast of reality pierces the world of illusion and lays waste its fair order".[2] Weitzman has not yet dealt with reality, he has been carrying on the tradition of Herzl's romantic "Judenstaat". He has been convinced of the sympathy of the other nations, just as Herzl was when he wrote the "Judenstaat". And in the cold blast of reality represented by Hitler, the Grand Mufti and the Colonial Office, we find Chaim Weitzman helpless. But realists like Nordau could not be caught by surprise by Nazism or by the Colonial Office clique. Nordau foresaw in his "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization" the rise of Fascism and Communism, warning us more than twenty years ago against Britain's indifference towards Zionism.

[1] Max Nordau, "Theodore Herzl und der Judenstaat
[2] Max Nordau, "Interpretation of History." Willey Book Co. N. Y. 1910 pp. 408-409.

VARSITY SHOWS

Presenting the Varsity Show

Edited by
Morris Epstein, '42

This is written for the record. With one eye hopefully turned to posterity, and the other dewily beaming upon the fond memories of the past (and no remarks about the accuracy of our literary vision), the writer has herein attempted to compile the complete scripts of the Varsity Shows as they were presented in the Lamport Auditorium over a period of three years and to annotate them in full. The phrase "as they were presented" is used advisedly, for, as those who were in any way participant will acknowledge, there was always many a change 'twixt the script and the presentation. Therefore, to preserve in an enduring form a record of the three Varsity Shows, of which original books have already become a varity, as a momento for those who have worked on them, and—this diffidently—perhaps as a guide for future script writers, this article has been composed. Note that no claim is made that they are being published for their literary value. Written under pressure to meet a deadline, and tempered by the youthful inexperience of their creators, they are not that good. Those who have seen the shows will perhaps enjoy the scripts with the aid of visual memory images. For those carping critics who seek here the professional touch, the deft gag, the subtle curtain line, the intricate plot structure, and are disappointed, let them remember that this . . . is written for the record.

The varsity show had its genesis in 1938, for it was in March of that year that the first classnite was held in the Dormitory Reception Hall. A reported two hundred spectators crowded the room, for the admission price of 19 lbs. per cent to watch the juniors win the first class Nite banner in a show that lasted until two in the morning.

One short year later, the first big Class Nite was held, on March 12, 1939, in Lamport Auditorium. This was an all out affair, including four class shows, vocal renditions by a lady guest, dramatic accolades awarded to Harold Polikoff's "Bishop of Muenster", and finally, anecdotes by Ezra Stone, who had disregarded the storm to keep his appointment. (Rain and other forms of bad weather, incidentally, have become the handmaidens of a Yeshiva College production, and display an affinity for a Varsity Show as remarkable as sneezing for hay fever.) The Masmid reports of that occasion that the seniors stole home with subtle humor in their "Mediations on Graduation". The size of the show amazed the audience and, apparently, befuddled the judges, for the Masmid continues "Amidst a chorus of disapproval, the seniors slunk into first place."

It was not until the following year that the Social committee began toying with the idea of a varsity show for the spring production. A script-writing campaign was launched but evidently the plan was too large for immediate realization, for after the script committee re-worked the one play submitted, it hit upon the plan of using it as a curtain raiser and unifier for the entire class nite, and thus was the first varsity show, "Spy-toons", born. Because more time had been lavished upon it than any single class was disposed to devote to its own show, and because it drew upon the talents of the entire school, "Spy-toons was the toast of the evening on March 3, 1940. Non-illusionists would have beat their heads against the wall with delight at the sight, for as yet there was no curtain, lights still threw those baroque shadows, (which were not to be obliterated for two more years) and scenery was at a minimum . . . a chair, a table, a sign . . . The plot was simplicity itself . . . three foreign agents had determined to acquire Yeshiva for their respective sovereigns.

"SPY-TOONS"

1940

by
MORRIS EPSTEIN, '42
ABRAHAM KARP, '42
DAVID MIRSKY, '42

Based on a play by
OSCAR PERLMUTTER, '42

Directed by:
ROBERT SCHWARTZ, '40

Cast in order of appearance.

VON DRIPINOFF — *Maurice Wohlgelernter*, '41
DER FEUHRER — *Meyer Heller*, '41
PAGE — *Gabriel Schonfeld*, '41
KING GEORGE — *Irving Jaret*, '42
HEAVEL LAMEBRAIN — *Philip Horowitz*, '42
STALIN — *Elvin Kosofsky*, '41
LATKEH BLINTZNIKOFF — *Morris Epstein*, '42
RUSSIANS and MINISTERS

Shadowy movements on a darkened stage. Then lights up, to the tune of "Ach Du Lieber Augustine". On stage are Der Fuehrer and Von Dripinoff, German spy extraordinary. By some strange quirk of fate, Von Dripinoff has a decidedly non-Aryan, hooked nose. Noisily, with military precision, they click their heels together, present the proper salute and cry:

Fuehrer and Von Dripinoff: Heil!

Fuehrer: The Faterland sends you on dangerous mission. We must free all Germans. In New York, we have a place called Yeshiva College. Our agents report that we have ten Germans there! We must give them autonomy! We must make Yeshiva join the Reich. It is your duty to go to Yeshiva, to create unrest, spread propaganda, disorganize their government, make a revolution, learn their habits—but only by listening. Don't let them tip you off!

Von Drip: But mein Fuehrer, I am unlearned. They are all students.

Fuehrer: Do not fear. I have arranged to make you a senior.

Von Drip: That is good. I am fortunate to speak perfect English.

Fuehrer: (Interrupting in a rage) Got in Himmel! No! You must speak with an accent or else you will get no stipends. Something else: When you arrive there, you must acquire three habits which will assure your success. Number one—you must have chutzpah. That is invaluable for good marks. Number two—you must learn to T. L. That you will learn quickly. They have very good teachers. Number three—You must be a bottler. That means hard work doing nothing, thereby making people believe you are doing everything.

Von Drip: Yes, but suppose they have a Class Nite? I can't act!

Fuehrer: Don't worry! No senior can. They win the prizes anyway. But ask no more questions, Agent T. L. Leave at once for Yeshiva College. When you are there report regularly to our chief.

Fuehrer and Drip: Heil!

BLACKOUT

Scene Two

To the strains of "God save the King," lights go up on Buckingham Palace. And lo, there sits our king, crown tottering on his wiry hair, amusing himself by feebly crocheting . . . drop one, purl two . . . a page enters, turns to the audience, and announces in a cockney accent—

Page: His grace, Sir Hevel Lamebrain K.C.P. (pause) Knight Commander of the Privy council. . . .

Lamebrain enters, or rather, bounces in. He wears a derby and sports an umbrella. His garb includes a wing collar, and pants which choke his ankles. A pronounced mascara moustache and a home-brewed English accent seem to mark our Lamebrain as a cross between Groucho Marx and E. E. Clive.

King: (Dropping his crocheting). Ah, thank heaven you've come. I have most unfortunate news. (Pause, then, almost crying, he sobs) Lamebrain, the foreign office sends word that Germany is contemplating taking over Yeshiva College in the United States.

Lamebrain: Really! So what? I don't see how we are concerned.

King: You don't see!? Why, Dies has just declared the Revolutionary War un-American. It is only a question of days until my dear colonies join the Empire once again. You see, my dear Sir Brainless. . . .

Lamebrain: er . . . Lamebrain, your Highness.

King: Ah yes, Lamebrain. Well, serve your king and tell me how to prevent Adolph's annexation of Yeshiva College.

Lamebrain: (Cackling) A very trifling matter, very trifling. I have *just* the policy.

King: What policy is that?

Lamebrain: A policy of appeasement!

King: By Jove! Could you do it, Hevel?

Lamebrain: Indeed it will sir! I have just the idea. We'll offer Hitler Rabbi Wise's Seminary.

King: But (hesitantly) do you think it will work?

Lamebraia: Like a charm. It always does.

King: (Struts to stage front, twirls his umbrella, and sings—to the tune of "Queen's Navy"). I must call my ministers of state. This idea I must announce before its too late. (Suddenly a chorus of six ministers pop up seemingly from nowhere, but really from behind the broad backs of the chairs lining the rear of the Kings table).

Ministers: (Singing) O we are the ministers of state — quick tell us before its too late.

Lamebraia: His majesty is unaccustomed to public speaking, and for this simple reason, though this be treason, I'll do his public speaking.

Ministers: He'll do his public squeaking, oh, reeking—He'll do his public speaking.

Lamebrain: I am more qualified than a T-man or a G-man. For my teacher is none other than the Demon, As a Minister of State, I am most prolific. In defining all the issues I am most specific.
My sudden rise to the heights of glory—
If you listen close—will prove a good story.
I was born in Russia and to my good luck,
At the age of three I went to Bialystok.
I studied the Talmud bit by bit
And now I am the advisor of this half-wit.

Ministers: He studied the Talmud bit by bit
And now he's the advisor of this half-wit.

Lamebraia: When merely ten, I passed with bells. I was so smart, that I was sent to Telz.
I knew too much and soon was bored. So for a rest I went to old Oxford.
This rest proved to be such a cure.
That now he's advisor to this British boor.

Ministers: This rest proved to be such a cure.
That now I'm advisor to this British boor.

Lamebrain: I was accurate and studied with care,
My English speech was perfect "donn derr".
My professors told me I was crazy as a bat,
And advised me to become a diplomat.
To be crazy is a wondeful thing
And now I'm chief advisor to this so-called king.

Ministers: To be crazy is such a wonderfu thing
That now he's advisor to this so-called king.

Lamebrain: And now I'm off on this dangerous mission, I take your leave with the king's permission
So now I'm off to get my umbrella.
To save Yeshiva from that awful fella.

Ministers: So now he's off to get his umbrella to save Yeshiva from that awful fella.

BLACKOUT

Scene Three

Dimly, then rising to an awful crescendo, come the plaintive chords of "Volga Boatmen" as the lights go up on a Russian sanctum sanctorum, decorated with sickles, hammers, caviar, and two unidentified men who stand close together against the back wall, oblivious to the proceedings. They never laugh. (Maybe this is because they have been to all the rehearsals).

Stalin * is discovered engaged in a little Kazatzka, humming to himself the while. Enter the secret agent, surprising Stalin with his foot way in the air.

Affecting a supreme nonchalance, Stalin glances at his foot with an I-was-going-to-have-it-cut-off—anyway look and sits down at the desk. Both Russians are dressed in regulation Russian-Red pajama tops, pullover woolen hats, and pants tucked into socks. A Russian accent, heavy like vodka with lox, pervades the entire scene.

Stalin: Who are you?

Spy: I am secret agent Latkeh Blintznikoff. (Shyly) Call me Franch Fried for short. You have just re-called me from the fr-ont for special intalligence service.

Stalin: Ah, tell me. What are our chances in the war?

Latkeh: Excellent! Excellent! Yesterday we purged six of our generals! There are only eighteen more left to eliminate, and *then*, the Soviet Union will triumph.

Stalin: (Jubilantly) Do you mean it?

Latkeh: Yes, the finish is coming!

Stalin: (In a scared yell) The Finnish?! (He dives under the desk. Then, shamefacedly, he crawls out again). Oh, you mean the finish! One moment please. (He takes out a revolver, and, taking careful aim, shoots at the two men standing against the wall. They drop slightly.

Latkeh: Well, what's my new assignment?

Stalin: You are going to leave the Soviet.

Latkeh: (Gleefully) Hooray!

Stalin: You are going to America.

Latkeh: Hooray!

Stalin: You are going to attend Yeshiva College.

Latkeh: (dejectedly) o-o-oh!

Stalin: Well, if you won't want to go, I can send Zirovitch.

Latkeh: (almost crying) He has been eliminated!

Stalin: Then I can send Popinsky.

Latkeh: (tearfully) Eliminated.

Stalin: Then Mendelsky.

Latkeh: (bawling) Eliminated.

Stalin: Bukarinsky . . . Oh, I know. He has been eliminated. Ah! That reminds me. (Takes his gun out and shoots at the two men again. They droop lower). Well, it seems as if you're the one left. You'll have to go.

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* *The name, like everything communistic is in the public domain*).

Latkeh: Well, like Comrade Confucius say: "He who is not eliminated, must go". What must I do at Yeshiva?

Stalin: We have a lot in common with Yeshiva. Their five year plan didn't work either.

Latkeh: But what must I do?

Stalin: You must find out the following things one, how to perfect our spy system; two, how they manage to have three people in one room and above all, three, how to make place for Russian refugees.

Latkeh: As pants of man who lose suspenders say: "I'm off." (Runs off then runs back immediately) unquote: Comrade Confucius. (runs off).

(Stalin pulls out gun and shoots again. The two men fall down) *

BLACKOUT.

Scene Four

Music: "On the Heights of New York's Island". Lights up on Von Dripinoff reading a bulletin board in the back. Enter Lamebrain.

Lamebrain: This is a fine school. Two buildings here. But that's nothing. One fellow told me they have five branches on 181st Street. A fine place! England needs it! The government has one more white paper left and we don't know what to do with it. We'll make this place democratic. So many Rabbis—and all Jewish! What a system!

(Lamebrain and Von Dripinoff turn around at the same time, see each other and embrace wildly.)

Lamebrain: Von Dripinoff!

Von Drip: Lamebrain! Tell me, what are you doing here?

Lamebrain: I'm a spy.

Von Drip: That's a coincidence. So am I! Why, I haven't seen you since we were cell-mates with Blintznikoff at Leavenworth! Horst Vessel! I wonder what became of him.

(From the rear of the auditorium, enters Latkeh, carrying a small satchel. He marches down the aisle, raptly gazing at his new surroundings, singing loudly — "Ah-Ah Yuch-Nyem." Lamebrain and Von Dripinoff see him, yell madly, grab him on stage and all embrace passionately.

Lamebrain & Von Drip: Blintznikoff! What are *you* doing here?

Latkeh: (blandly) I'm a spy.

Lamebrain & Von Drip: You too?

Latkeh: What do you mean, you too?

Von Drip: We are also spies!

Lamebrain: Wait a minute. I have an idea! Since we are all spies, let's work together and we'll have Yeshiva in our hands in no time.

Latkeh: As Comrade Confucius say: "It's must be a union.

Von Drip: Boy are we wonderful spies.

All: (singing)

You can plainly see,
Three super-spies are we;
Our motto is: take what you can
A photograph or a plan.
(Individually)
I'm Lamebrain
I'm Von Dripinoff
And—I—am—Prince—Blintznikoff.

Dripinoff: I'm a full-blooded Aryan
I'm Nazidom's most perfect man.
As tall as Goebbels; as manly as Herman
As blond as Hitler, I'm the ideal German.
I'm Von Dripinoff.

Blintznikoff: We were invaded by the Finns.
Now we're taking it on our chins.
Our blitzkrieg was an also-ran
So now it looks like a five-year plan.
I'm Prince Blintznikoff.

* *We never found out who they were either.*

Lamebrain: I believe in the appeasement plan
I appease wherever I can.
A piece of this, a piece of that
A piece of anything you've got
I'm Lamebrain.

All: Now you have our pedigree
Three super-spies are we.
Our hand is quick, our mind is keen,
We'll make Hedy LaMarr our college queen

Individually: I'm Lamebrain
I'm Von Dripinoff
And—I'm—Prince—Blintznikoff.

Dripinoff: We'll start at once on our campaign of sabotage. I see by the bulletin board that they are going to have a Class Nite here tonight. The first thing on our schedule must be to wreck it!

Lamebrain: Yes let us adjourn to have a conference and decide on ways and means of destroying this Class Nite.

Blintznikoff: This class struggle will be strangled tonite; for tonight, the ghost of Lenin rides again! Hi-up! Stallion! Away!

(together they jump off stage)

At this point the Master of Ceremonies came out and gave us Class Nite. The first class performance was announced and presented. As the second class show was being introduced . . .

(Suddenly the back doors of the auditorium are flung open and down the aisles march our three spies. To sabotage the show they carry arresting signs and ad lib to their hearts' content. Upon completing their tour of the aisles they leave happily.

S I G N S :

FOR DRIPINOFF

Do Nat-zi	To Heil
Y.C.	with
Class Nite	Class Nite

FOR BLINTZNIKOFF

Revolutionize	After Class
Yeshiva College	Nite Comes the Revulsion

FOR LAMEBRAIN

Faugh on	Class Nite
Class Night	Unfair to the Audience

Second class show goes on. Third class show is allowed to expire. As the M.C. is introducing the fourth class, the aisles are again filled by the spies, with more diversion for the audience. Class Nite doesn't stand a chance.

Blintz: (carrying a tray high and distributing his wares) Get your borsht here! Get it while it's hot! Borsht, cartuffel, latkes, blintzes, all you can eat for a rubel! (etc.)

Dripinoff: Wienershnitzel, sauerkraut, beer undt pretzels! Ersatz, of course! (etc.)

Lamebrain: Special booklets revealing the private uncensored lives of the cabinet! You will be especially interested in the little story on page 6. Get em before the bobbies get me! (etc.)

(Striving masterfully, the fourth class puts on its show. Then, as the judges are pondering, the M. C. gets on stage, and the three spies are observed on stage left arguing with each other.)

Spies: *You* tell him! No, *you* tell him, etc.

(They all watch the M. C., who reciprocates with amazement. Finally, the two taller spies pick up Dripinoff, carry him by his elbows, kicking, to the M. C. and deposit him there.)

Dripinoff: (Shyly, scraping his foot). You know, we think we like Class Nite . . . in fact, you know . . . we sort of like Yeshiva . . . in fact . . . you know . . . we'd like to participate in your Class Nite, you think it's possible?

(The M. C. expresses great happiness at this and teaches them the song "I Need You I Know". The entire cast fills on stage and sing the song for the finale:

I NEED YOU I KNOW

(Tune: Oy Shloimelle)

I need you I know very badly
I can't say the same for you
So please lets not wait any longer,
And let's become two birds who coo.
Let's set the date
We can't be late
In building our little nest,
Under the moon
We two can spoon
While finding our place to rest.

—o—

Following on the heels of "Spytoons", and to a Yeshiva now attuned to higher forms of art, came "The Wolves", turning a squalling infant of a Dramatic Society into a lusty mature, thespian, henceforth the owner of a dignified title — The Yeshiva College Players. . . .

But now it was Fall again, and Winter, and the Lamport Auditorium was dark and its stage dusty. Only subdued voices were heard in the halls, for the institution was mourning the loss of its revered leader, Dr. Revel, of sainted memory. It was not until late Spring that once again rays of laughter began to shine at Yeshiva, and with them came the hustle and bustle of preparations for a new Varsity Show and Class Nite. Some bravely ventured; "Why not an All-Varsity Show?" But the time was not ripe, and the procedure of the year before was again followed. Of course, we could afford to be more pretentious now. We had a curtain. This time the date was set for April 27, 1941, and, in a dense smoke-filled atmosphere, after reams of paper had been used, and discarded, and after thousands of extraneous jokes had been batted about like so many foul balls, the theme chosen was a typical burlesque. What would happen if three caricatures of Yeshiva men were to enlist most unwittingly in the Army? "Wreck-Ruits" was to tell the answer.

"WRECK-RUITS"

1941

by

MORRIS EPSTEIN, '42
ABRAHAM KARP, '42
HENRY MARGOLIS, '42
DAVID MIRSKY, '42

Directed by:

DAVID MIRSKY, '42

Assisted by:

ELVIN KOSOFSKY, '41
MORRIS EPSTEIN, '42

Cast in order of appearance:

SERGEANT	*Meyer Heller*, '41
SOLDIER	*Gabriel Schonfeld*, '41
HEATHCLIFF	*Morris Epstein*, '42
SLABODKA	*David Mirsky*, '42
POICY	*Samuel Jaffe*, '43
ATTENDANT	*Jerome Robbins*, '43
DOCTOR	*Murray Shaer*, '44
QUEER No. 1	*Irwin Metchik*, '44
QUEER No. 2	*Sidney Reiss*, '42
COKEY	*Philip Horowitz*, '42

As the house lights go out, the audience hears a medley of army bugle calls and the curtains part to show a room with sparse furnishings. We know where we are because a sign hanging on the wall signifies in the best Shakespearian style that this is an "Army Recruiting Office". At a desk, center stage, sits a huge individual, bulging out of his uniform in several places. Even did we not see his stripes, we would recognize him by his voice and his brusque manner, as that great American stereotype, the Army Sergeant. He has completed persuading a nonentity (for purposes of identification we call him X) to join the armed forces.

Sarge: (to X) You sign right here (X signs) You understand that you are signing up of your own free will. Now, just step next door and take your medical exam; for as long as you are with us, you will be supplied with food, a place to sleep, and your stuff to wear . . . Oh, yes, you will be paid $21 a day.

X: Wow!

Sarge: Yeah. Once a month.

(X shoots off stage. From stage right three heads pop out. When we shall have an opportunity to examine the rest of their corporeal beings, we shall see three motley characters indeed. Heathcliff is a tall, stocky, nervous individual, with flying hair and a wild look in his eyes. He has a bad 'w' for 'l' and 'r' substitution. Percy is somewhat slighter, prognathous person with a decided "dead end"-ish speech. And pathetic Slobodka; poor innocent Slobodka with the long coat and the derby which covers his ears. But, to get back, three heads have popped out).

Heath: Victuals!

Poicy: Clodes!

Slab: Monye?

(They enter completely, exposing themselves to the brand of laughter accorded the monkeys in a Lew Lehr short).

Heath: Hearken to my words, fellows. This is the opportunity we have been seeking. Having been informed by Mr. Hotlick, executive director of the Yeshiva College Dormitory, hereinafter referred to as the party of the first part, that it is impossible, improbable, and highly dubitable for us, hereinafter known as the party of the second part, to procure viz. to wit lodgings and stipends due to the unprognosticated invasion from the hinterland, we have cast about for a reasonable facsimile of the same.

Slab: Haaaa?

Poicy: Da goon says dat we can't hustle a dorm in Yeshiva, so we been poundin' da pavements soichin' for one. Ya get it?

Slab: Yep.

Heath: If my auditory receptacles do not deceive me, the gentleman on the right offers us, the party of the second part, what the party of the first part refused us.

Slab: Yeh. Haah?

Poicy: He means dat de boid behind de desk hands out flops, chow, and glad-rags fer nuttin'. Ya get it?

Slab: Yep.

Heath: I should therefore suggest, my confreres, that we hie ourselves over to yon gent and affix our signatures on the perforated line.

Slob: Yep. Haaaa?

Poicy: He means . . .

Slab: Precisely, jawohl, dat's she.

(All three slide over to desk)

Poicy: (to the Sergeant) Look, pal, we hoid what ya said, and your proposition sounds in da groove. Where do we put our John Hancocks?

Sorge: Of course, you're doing this of your own free will?

Slob: Yep.

Sarge: You're serious?

Slob: No. I'm Jewish.

(expecting our intelligent audience not to laugh at this one, an "ad lib" was written in. For the record, here it is: after audience

doesn't laugh, *Slob*: "My little cousin thought that up out of his own head. I'll have to get him a new head tomorrow". But the audience roared, the dopes, and the second gag fell flat as a pancake.)

Sarge: What's your name?

Heath: I am commonly designated by the appellation Heathcliff H. Heathcliff.

Sarge: What's the "H" for?

Heath: Heathcliff.

Sarge: (exasperated) Heathcliff?

Heath: Yes! My parents lacked imagination!

Sarge: What's *your* name?

Percy: Me handle is . . .

Sarge: I said what's your name?

Percy: Me tag is . . .

Sarge: Handle? Tag? What did they slap on you when you were born?

Percy: Oh! A strait-jacket!

Heath: (patiently) He desires to be acquainted with the title by which you are commonly alluded to.

Percy: That's what I been telling him. Me monicker's Poicy Arlington Ginsburg Esq.

Sarge: What's your name?

Slob: They call me Slobodka Sam Halevi. I'm your landsman. I come from Ireland too.

Sarge: (face lights up) Ah begorrah! A son of old Erin! And what part of Ireland do you come from?

Slob: Coney Ireland.

Sarge: (subsiding, gives each of the trio a printed form) sign on the dotted line.

(Boys sign. Slob signs three great X's in full view of the audience. Heathcliff, watching him curiously, says:)

Heath: And pray what are the three X's for? I thought these were but two words in your name.

Slob: Yeah, (apologetically) But I wanted to break into society, so I got a middle initial.

Percy: O.K. where do we park the carcass?

Sarge: Waddya mean, where do we park the carcass? Who do you think you're talking to? I'll have you know my name is Sergeant GLITZpatrick the 3rd.

Percy: I don't care if its July the 4th.

Sarge: O.K. wise guy. What's your name again?

Percy: I told you—Poicy Ahlington Gingsberg Esq.

Sarge: Say sir when you address me.

Percy: O.K. *Sir* Poicy Ahlington Ginsberg Esq.

Slob: (pointing to Sarge) Looka him! He talks like a registrar already!

Heath: Begging your pardon my good fellow, but to what may we attribute this unmannerly outburst?

Sarge: Listen, you lugs, You're in the Army now, see?

Each: (individually one after the other) In the army.

All 3: In the army?

(Slabodka starts creeping away).

Sarge: Hey. Where do you think you're going?

Slab: Moshugah bin ich? M'kon du gehargot verin!

Sarge: Come back here! The doctor in the next room will give you your medical exam.

Slab: Look. He's particular yet.

Sarge: Army regulation No. 1: You will rise at the bugle call at 6 o'clock.

All 3 *together*: You mean we got to go to the Minyan?

S O N G :

Chorus: For 10 long years we've gone to school, and we never went to the minyan. We'd rather be dead than get out of bed, that our frank opinions!

I

All Three:

Of all the luck
You can ever see
The toughest breaks
Befall us three.

II

Heath:

We had a room
At old Y. C.
We neglected the Minyan
So they neglected we.

III

Poicy:

We cast about
For a substitute
A joint to replace
The old institute

IV

Slob:

At last we thought
We had found the place
But instead we got
A kick in the face.

V

All Three:

Instead of a flop
And instead of chow
We're told you're in
The army now.

VI

Heath:

But we're not licked
We'll get our reprieve
We've got an ace
Hidden in our sleeve.

VII

All Three:

Just lend an ear
This is our plan
We'll try to flunk
The medical exam.
(go off: Sloh stays behind)

VIII

Slob:

It won't be tough
To flunk, you see
We've had experience
At old Y. C.

IX

(Heath and Percy come back on stage)

All Three:

So here we go
With heads held high
And we'll be free
In the near bye and bye.
All off.

CURTAIN.

Scene II

In the army medical office. Props include a scale, an eye chart, anatomy charts, etc. Attendant is sitting, filling in records. Percy is finished with his form blank and is sitting waiting for the doctor. Heathcliff is finishing Slobodka waits.

Attendant: O.K. bud, sit down and wait for the doctor.

Heath: As you desire my good fellow.

Attendant: By the way, did you obey all rules in school.

Heath: Yes.

Attendant: Drink?

Heath: No.

Attendant: Gamble?

Heath: No.

Attendant: Go out with women?

Heath: No.

Attendant: Monotonous, wasn't it! (Shades of J. Colonna!)

Attendant: Next.

(Slabodka steps up)

Atten: Name?

Slab: Slabodka Sam.

Atten: Born?
Slab: Yes.
Atten: Mother's name?
Slab: Hah?
Atten: I said mother's name!
Slab: Hah?
Atten: What is your mother's name?
Slab: Plizz, I can't understand. You're spikking vit an accent.
Atten: Listen. hast du gehat a mama?
Slab: Nein.
Atten: Aber yeider hat a mamma. Die must haben gahat a mama.
Slab: Nein. Die mama hat mich gehat.

(Attendant goes out)

(Enter doctor, looking at his paper, blows smoke on pitch pipe.)

Doctor: (Loud yell) HEATHCLIFF! (quietly embarrassed) er—Heathcliff, get undressed. (Heathcliff stands up and starts peeling off loads of clothes).

Percy: (Runs over to the doctor) Doc, I joined the army. Dey tell me I have to take a medical exam. I don't need no medical exam. I just wanna go out dere and fight.

Doctor: But you must take an exam.

Percy: (excitedly) I'm in poifect shape. Just pass me and let me go out. I wanna fight in de trenches.

Doctor: O.K. You're in perfect condition. You've passed.

Percy: (uncomprehendingly) But Doc, don't you think I'm a little crazy?

Doctor: Well, you are a little thin.

Percy: Yeah. I'm trying to build myself up. My doctor put me on a soup diet. He told me to eat three plates a day.

Doctor: Is that so? Three plates a day? Well then you *must* be fit.

(Doctor slaps him across the stomach, breaking his daily three plates which then fall out on the floor. Enter X, now wearing a bridle with blinders. He holds a broom and starts sweeping the plates off stage.)

Doctor: Hey, what's the idea of that bridle?

X: Well if I'm going to work like a horse, I might as well look like one!

(Percy begins to dress. Doctor turns to Heathcliff who is undressing).

Doctor: (To Heathcliff) Are you ready?

Heath: Just one moment, sir. (keeps undressing).

Doctor: (To Slabodka) All right. You get ready. (Slabodka takes off his coat, under it, he is wearing nothing but a dickey).

Slab: Doc, I'm a sick man. If I'm not telling the truth may my right arm become paralyzed. (Arm becomes paralyzed).

Doctor: Stop kidding around.

Slab: But I'm really sick, Doc. Really I am really. (Goes into a frothing fit).

Queer No. 1—Enters running in.

Queer No. 1: Are you the Doc here?

Doctor: Yeah.

Queer No. 1: Are you the superior officer here?

Doctor: Yeah.

Queer No. 1: Will you tell those guys to stop calling me? They're driving me crazy. Everywhere I go they keep hounding me. Please tell them to stop. I can't stand it. I tell you I'll go crazy. I'm here. I'm here, I tell ya.

Doctor: Say, who are you?

Queer No. 1: Philip Morris (tears off).

(Doctor goes over to Slabodka and gives him the once over).

Doctor: O. K., Sam, you've passed.

Slab: Oi vay! (goes over to a side).

Doctor: You're next, Heathcliff. (Takes his pulse). Hey. Your pulse stopped.

(Heathcliff shakes his arm).

Doctor: (Listening again). O. K.

Heath: Doctor, I must confess that the ozone is unsalubrious to my well-being. My left clavicle has been reverberating against my intercostal peristalsis with a protuberation of coagulation of the connective tissues.

Slab: What's the matter. You're not feeling well?

Doctor: Ah. I see. I see. Well, I'll test your reflexes.

(Clips him on elbow. Hand of Heathcliff slaps him. He clips other way. Hand hits back. Looking diabolical, he clips him and ducks. Heathcliff kicks him. He gets up).

Doctor: The first time you hit me, O. K. The second time you hit me, O. K. But the third time you hit me (starts crying) you hoit me! You fellows wait here I'll be right back. (exit.)

At this point, a creature with a white face, who looks like he died three years ago slouches in to the music of the death march.)

Percy: Hey bud, the cemetery's two blocks down.

Slob: Hey, is *he* part of our show?

Percy: No. We only use live people.

Queer No. 2: (In a voice that makes us feel that we are on the receiving end of a direct wire from the grave.) Is this the doctor's office?

Slob, Percy and Heath: The Doctor!

(They go into a football huddle. After a decent pause, and to a musical fanfare, Percy and Slob rise and shout.)

Percy, Heath: Pre-senting—Dr.—Heath—cliff!

(Heathcliff whirls about, having donned colored glasses and a beard of the type invariably present in "Serutan" ads.)

Heath: (In a professional tone) Ah, yes, my goood fellow; and what is your name?

Queer No. 2: (In a very low whisper) Hummble-Jummble.

Heath: What that?

Queer No. 2: (Same) Hummble-Jummble.

Heath: Please! Let the people in the last row hear you. Speak out loud!

Queer No. 2: (Yells in a tremendous voice) Harvey Wilson! (He thereupon collapses in the arms of Slob and Percy).

Heath: Ah! With a voice like that you should be able to sing. Can you?

Queer No. 2: Yeah.

Heath: Will you sing for us (Queer No. 2 nods acquiescence). What would you like to sing?

Queer No. 2: (In a monotone) a song dedicated to my mother.

Heath: And what is its name?

Queer No. 2: (In a monotone) Mother, all your life you worked for me, now, you can go out and work for yourself.

Heath: All right, sing it.

(Queer No. 2 starts slobbing something in a weak monotone. Slohodka puts on a mask and looks Queer No. 2 in the face. Queer No. 2 merely looks back at audience and continues "singing". Slob repeats his little act, and again his victim is unaffected. Finally giving up, Slob throws his mask away and looks at Queer No. 2. With an expression that says "stronger men have sustained less", Queer No. 2 screams and collapses.)

Heath: How old are you, my boy?

Queer No. 2: Twenty-one.

Heath: You must be ambitious. What do you wish to become?

Queer No. 2 : Thirty-six.

Heath: And, pray, what are you doing here?

Queer No. 2: I have to take the medical exam.

Heath: Ah yes. (Claps hands) Attendants! (To Percy and Slob.) Prepare the patient! (Heath walks off to stage R. and washes hands to elbow.)

Heath: Anasthetic!

Slab and Percy: The patient is ready!

(Heath approaches and looking at audience, TAPS Queer No. 2 with a stethoscope. He collapses.

(Slob and Percy apply a handy shoe to Queer No. 2's nose. He faints.

Heath: In-stru-ments!

Percy: In-stru-ments!

Slab: In-stru-ments!

(As Heath calls for the following instruments, one member of the trio picks up the tool called for. He passes it to his companion, who in turn passes it to Heathcliff. Heathcliff, in turn, throws it away.)

Heath: Scalpel! Scissors!

Clamps! Gauze!

Awake the patient!

(Queer No. 2 is gently awakened by a clout on the head.)

Heath: Now, my good fellow, we shall see how long you can hold your breath.

(The mad trio converge in a corner and go into convulsions over some joke that they are telling each other. Meanwhile Queer No. 2, holding his breath all this time, finally waves his hands frantically, and collapses.)

All Three: The patient!

Heath: Lay him down on that table, boys! (Doctor re-enters, and looks at the prostrate one.)

Doctor: What's *that?*

Heath: That's—er—that's a Sphinx!

Doctor: Why, what do you mean?

Heath: I said that's a Sphinx. It comes all the way from ancient Egypt. Why, that's been a Sphinx for over 2000 years.

Doctor: (Smelling Queer No. 2) That's funny.

Heath: What?

Doctor: It still does!

QUICK CURTAIN

SCENE III

Music: "We're in the army now". Scene: In barracks room, which is outfitted in correct army style. Seargent is standing, bawling out Heathcliff and Poicy, Slobodka is conspicuous by his absence.)

Sarge: And of all the soldiers in this man's army, you guys are the dumbest clucks it's ever been my pleasure to meet.

Poicy: Aw, cut it out. You're breakin' my heart, Sarge.

Sarge: Shut up! Three weeks you've been at Fort Drip, and you haven't learned to do anything right yet.

Heath: It is not my inclination or proclivity to interrupt your meditational cogitations, but I feel it incumbent upon myself. . . .

Sarge: SHUT UP! I've been standin' enough guff from you guys. Now I can understand why you've been turned over to me for special drill. So you think it's funny to put out your hand when you're told to make a right turn? Well, that's all over with now. My name is Seargent Glitzpatrick, gentlemen, and I'm the roughest, toughest son-of-a-baboon in the regiment. I haven't got the time to teach little boys like you how to adjust your diapers. (*To Poicy*): And you. Since when do you soak your bulbs in water when you're told to douse the lights? (*to Heath*): And you, you dim-witted, $5 word fiend, next time you run up and shake hands with the general when you're told to present arms, you'll wind up in the guardhouse. And as for that dumb rookie, Slabodka, he thinks he's a reigning monarch, but he's only a little drip! You tell him for me when you see him that he's due for twenty days of K. P. Mark my words. (Slabodka has come in at "general", and having caught the gist of the speech, has begun to tip-toe out when the Seargent bumps into him.)

Slab: (Unoffensively) Pardon me, is this the Jack Benny program?

Sarge: Where the heck have you been, you half-baked twerp? If you know what's good for you, you'll find out what I told these guys here, and make sure you carry out orders when you get 'em. And next time, when you're spoken to by a superior officer, salute.

(Slab salutes, and Sarge stamps out).

Slab: Salute! Salute! That's all you do in this army. It's must be a union. Them big shots! *They* ride around in after dinner cars. YA! *They* have yachpfitz! Why only yesterday, the general comes over to me, taps me on the head and says: "That's the kind of timber we need!"

Heath: I agree unmitigatingly with your sentiments, Slabodka. Conditions are becoming unbearable. Think of it! One can't even procure eggs for breakfast with the yolk coagulated to the right degree.

Poicy: And the hostesses. Are they ugly! They're like professional blind-dates!

Slab: And the food they serve here. It's POISON! And such small portions they give you!

Poicy: This has been going on for three weeks. Dis is de end. If dat jeep of a seargent tinks I'm gonna take any more orders from him, he's got anodder tink comin' to him. 6

Heath: Fellow! Cooperation is the basis of success. If we have any intention of terminating this veritable bondage, we must connive a concoction to foil and disperse our oppressors. (Thinks awhile) Fellows, there is but one solution. . . .

Slab: Rewolt! (Jumps on bed) Rewolt! Ree

(Sarge enters and Slobodka, caught in the act changes his line of approach) wolwing doors are the only solution to our problems. With every Nestle's Chocoate bar you buy today, we are giving away gratis, free for nothin' one deluxe revolving door . . . (innocently) maybe *you* are interested in buying a revolving door?

Sarge: (With repressed anger) So! You guys don't like the way we're running things in this army! Starting a revolt are you! Why I could have you court-martialed for this.

Slab: (With aroused ire:) Never mind, Lt. Glitzpatrick. Court-martial, shmourt-martial abee gezunt.

Sarge: Why you little. . . I think I will have you court-martialed and have you shot at day-break.

Slab: I didn't did it. I didn't did it.

Poicy: Now, look Sarge. Maybe we can get togedder on dis.

Heath: Surely there is some ameliorative method to avert this disaster.

Sarge: O. K. I'll give you guys a chance. The general staff is comin' here next week and we gotta give them some entertainment. If you boys can dig up a show in time, I'll let you go.

The trio marches around in a circle muttering: "What to do? What to do?" Suddenly from the wings a very strange character enters. "Cokey" seems to display all the symptoms of one who, for the past ten years has been using opium, heroin, and mairhuana instead of food. Drooling from the mouth, hands and feet a-quiver, it appears that he has a solution to the boys' worries.)

Cokey: Do *you* ever wake up blue? Does the day settle on you like a great straw hat? Are you edgy and impatient? Do you hate the voices

of children? Do you ever say: "If the elevator doesn't come in two minutes, I'll kill myself"? Then what you need is — Opium! Opium, spelled O-P-I-U-M. Obtainable from any gray, shifty-eyed little man at your nearest corner—not too near the light. Opium corrects the body's natural habits, by turning the usual penzy of waking into the beautiful serenity of your favorite dream. It conquers scientifically that awful feeling that comes from too much normal living. Pipe smokers, here's new fun for you! And for your cigarette smokers — try our new cigarettes — K. O. cigarettes, the nicotine mickey finn! Pass 'em out among your friends and watch your friends pass out. Pick up a pack from your neighborhood dealer before the F.B.I. picks up your neighborhood dealer! And remember our motto—"We'll see you inhale!"

(He offers samples of his product to the boys, and staggers off stage.)

Slab: Oi, if I was only in de Yeshiva now.

Percy: Yeshiva. Dat's de ticket. Remember de class-nites we used to have at Yeshiva?

Heath: The Class-Nites! Percy, you have hit on it. If we can contrive to present the Yeshiva College Class Nite at the camp, we'll be resuscitated.

Percy: Look Sarge. Down where we come from we put on a show every year. We can get de boys to put the same show on here.

Sarge: How do I know it's good?

Slab: Listen to him! How does he know it's good!

Heath: Slabodka, kindly control your emotions. Sarge, what is today's date?

Sarge: Let's see. Today's the 27th of April.

Heath: Well, if my memory does not deceive me, the show is being produced at Yeshiva tonight. Shall we essay a journey and you can judge for yourself the quality of the presentations.

Percy: Waddya say, Sarge?

Sarge: O. K. I'll go down with you guys and give the acts the once over. But you, Slab, will have to stay here for sentry duty.

(They leave. Slabodka stays behind).

Slab: All mine life I said Class-nites were rotten. All mine life I fight against Class-nites. And today, mine life is depending on it. So Class-nite, wherever you are, be good to your old Alumnus, Slabodka, and don't let me down.

CURTAIN

(The class presentations go on. As the last one ends, we see a short curtain-lowerer, wherein the Sergeant returns with the boys, pronounces the Class Nite to have been marvelous and drags on the Master of Ceremonies, who announces the judges decision, awarding the banner for the year to the Class of '42. Whereupon the entire cast descends into the orchestra and shoo's the entire audience out of the auditorium. CURTAIN.

Crude perhaps, but funny. Yet "Wreck-Ruits" deserves its niche not merely for titillating the risibilities of its audience, but chiefly for firmly establishing one principle aim and goal. Next year, come rain or snow, a full length Varsity Show will be presented.

So twelve months later, on March 29, 1942, while a blinding downpour outside was rapidly congealing into ice the snow and hail which had fallen all day "Buck Fever" was performed at the Lamport Theatre. "Buck Fever" was a success, and it was no miracle. Idea after idea, for revues, sketches, and comedies, were discarded, until the original goal began to grow dim. But finally a plot was chosen dealing with what we knew best, college students. Songs were arranged for, casting completed, and the handsome, professional set erected. Then came three weeks of gruelling rehearsal during which the cast grew langorous and the jokes stale. But slowly the seemingly impossible grew and took form; the cherished hope of publicity in all metropolitan papers became reality and when the curtains parted on the 29th, showing a group of students living in a dormitory corridor at imaginary Heshiva University, laughter began to float across the footlights, and suddenly all the toil put into the show by those associated with it, became meaningful. For victory was theirs.

"BUCK FEVER"

1942

by

DAVID MIRSKY, '42

additional dialogue by

MORRIS EPSTEIN, '42

directed by

DAVID MIRSKY, '42

Set and Lighting by

PHILIP HOROWITZ, '42

CAST

(In order of appearance)

SONGSTER	*Al Salkowitz*, '43
STUDENT	*Jacob Walker*, '43
JEEP	*Herman Tanenbaum*, '45
TELEPHONE MAN	*Sidney Reiss*, '42
GABBY	*Howard Singer*, '43
PETE	*Allen Mandelbaum*, '45
LITTLE ABRAHAM	*Harold Esterson*, '42
SLOPPY	*Morris Epstein*, '42
A. A.	*Henry Margolis*, '42
HARRY THE GROCER	*Morris Sukenik*, '42
DORM SUPERVISOR	*Philip Horowitz*, '42
FATHER	*Harold Miller*, '45

original music by

EMANUEL SEIDMAN, '45

additional Songs by Abe Karp, '42

Entire Production Supervised by

MORRIS EPSTEIN, '42

SCENE: A corridor cut off by partitions in the dormitory at Yeshiva University. Here live the boys.

TIME: Yesterday.

Act I

As the curtains open, we see two beds upstage, a table and chairs downstage, and a blackboard on the left wall. A bell is attached to the wall next to the blackboard. Under the bell sits a student in a little, improvised desk-chair. He studies his books, unperturbed by the proceedings, throughout the play. At the table sit Jeep and the songster:

Songster: (Has just finished humming a tune to himself.) Say, that's a pretty good song you wrote there, Jeep.

Jeep: Thanks. Well, if you want it, it's yours to use in your show.

Songster: O. K. That's swell. But if you'd take my advice you'd enter it in the school song contest.

Jeep: Oh, I don't think it's that good. But thanks for the advice.

Songster: Well, so long Jeep. (Exit left).

A knock is heard on the door.

Jeep: Come in. (Telephone man enters. He is not the common garden variety of telephone man, but rather looks like a Dali conception. His face is white, he wears earphones, a derby, and carries an umbrella, which, when he presently opens it, reads—"don't write, telephone"—. He has binoculars, with which he searches the room until he espies the telephone on the bureau. His voice has a low, monotonous, grating quality).

Tel: So where's your telephone—so where?

Jeep: What's it to ya?

Tel: I'm from the telephone company, I'm from the.

Jeep: So what do you want?

Tel: So I got an order to take your telephone away on account you didn't pay the bill for two months on account of you didn't.

Jeep: Hey, you can't do that. Put it down.

Tel: But I gotta take it, I gotta. If I don't come back with the telephone or the money I'll lose my job, I'll lose my.

Jeep: But I don't care if your lose your job, I don't care. Hey what is this. Cut it out will you!

Tel: I'm sorry boys I can't help you I can't. (Starts pulling it out when Gabby enters, having just washed himself. Has towel in hand.)

Gabby: Hey what goes on here? What are you trying to do?

Jeep: It's a guy from the telephone trying to take the phone back. Just because we owe him a mere two months back pay.

Gabby: Hey you can't do that. Do you realize what you are doing? Do you know what this telephone means to us? Here we are; we can't even afford a dorm room we had to throw up this mess of partitions between the two corridors. This is our home. Not a friend in the world. Nobody cares for us. All we have is this phone. It's been mother, father, teacher to us. Do you know what is man's best friend? The telephone. What is closer than your brother, than your father, than your sister, than your mother . . .

Jeep: Your underwear.

Gabby: Shut up. Don't you see, ya gotta leave the phone here. It's our only contact with society. We couldn't live without it. You don't know what it means to us, living here cut off from the rest of the dormitory.

(During this speech, the telephone man is so moved that his pants fall down, exposing bright red flannel underwear. He is oblivious to this and when he leaves he allows his pants and his derby to remain behind him.)

Tel: (Weeping) Stop it boys. I gotta pair of kids home myself, I gotta.

Gabby: That's the spirit. I knew you wouldn't let us down. Your name shall go down in history. You have saved our lives. You've renewed our faith and confidence in mankind. (Jeep has started drinking soda.) Jeep, put down that poison. (Jeep nearly chokes.) Allow me to shake the hand of the greatest humanitarian that ever lived. Jeep, the door! And in parting let me say it was for people like you for whom the statement was made—"There's one born every minute." (Exit Tel. man.)

Jeep: Gabby, you get better every day. You had me crying for myself.

Gabby: Thanks Jeep. But it would be funnier if it weren't all true. All kidding aside we gotta get some dough. We can't live on air.

Jeep: Well we're doing a good job trying.

Gabby: Maybe we can talk Harry into sending up another basket of food. (Phones) Keep your fingers crossed. Hello Harry. This is Gabby. Wait, don't hang up. Look, could you send up something to eat? Makes no difference what it is. Of course. What kind of question is that. Sure. You can trust me. I know. I know. But that was last time. Don't worry. We'll take care of you. (hangs up) Imagine asking if he was gonna get paid.

a silly smirk.

Jeep: Yeah, some guys never learn. Oh hello Pete.

Enter PETE. He is followed by a little Lord Fauntleroy who wears short pants, garters, and

Pete: H'ya fellows.

Pete: Don't look now but there's somebody trailing you.

Pete: (Turning around) Oh, that's just my cousin. He blew in from the home town. Come here and meet the boys. This is Jeep and that is Gabby. Say hello to the nice mans.

Cousin: Hello to the nice mans.

Pete: Precocious isn't he? And imagine only sixteen.

Cousin: Not exactly, I'll be sixteen next week.

Pete: See smart as a whip.

Gabby: Someone ought to crack him. Whaddye been doing lately?

Pete: Nothing much. Just been showing the kid around. He wants to come to Yeshiva next year. By the way (bell rings—student at table gets up, stretches, goes over to a different table etc.)

Cousin: Who's he, who-o-o-o?

Gabby: Who him? He lost all his money coming to school so we let him stay in the room. He drew up a regular program for himself, got some textbooks, gives himself lectures, and carries on as if he really attended classes.

Cousin: Oh, is he your room mate?

Gabby: Room mate? Kid, everybody you see here is my room mate; in fact anybody you see in school is my room mate.

Cousin: You mean the whole school sleeps in the other bed?

Jeep: Let me explain to him. I'm used to it. He means this is the school hang out. His official room mate is not here now.

Cousin: Oh.

Jeep: Just Oh?

Pete: Oh let him alone. Where is Sloppy?

Gabbys He's out trying to raise some cash.

Gabby: I don't get it.

Jeep: Another one of Gabby's brilliant ideas. You know, Sloppy's is nobody's fool yet one word from you and he jumps right through the hoop. What kinda hold do you have over the guy?

Gabby: It's that certain something extra that fascinates him.

Jeeps Nuts. What sort of goofy scheme you got him working on now?

Gabby: Whaddye mean crazy scheme? This is strictly legit. He's out selling pencils.

Pete: He's what?

Gabby: He's selling pencils. (tapping heard from without.) Here he comes now. See for yourselves. (Sloppy comes in dressed like a blind man with glasses sign and cup.)

Slop: H'ya fellows.

Pete: Selling pencils!

Gabby: Got any dough?

Slop: Yeah, I made . . .

Cousin: Is this your room mate?

Slop: (Seeing cousin) Who picked up the stone and let you crawl out?

Jeep: He's Pete's kid cousin. Just crawled outta the corn.

Slop: H'ya colonel! I got thirty cents and one Willkie button.

Gabby: Swell, how did it go?

Slop: O. K. Only one thing. The chancellor passed and wanted to give me a nickel. But I didn't take it. He needs it more than we do.

Jeep: You ain't kidding.

Gabby: Let's have the mazuma. I'll go buy something.

Slop: Take it, but for Heavens' sakes bring some thing back to eat.

Gabby: Don't worry so much. You'll get a hardening of the arteries.

Slop: Boy, what a life. Some times I think it would be easier to go to class.

Jeep: Tell me something, how do you take all that guff from Gabby. He's a swell guy and

All that but enough is too much.

Slop: Aw, I don't mind. It makes life interesting.

Pete: Yeah, in a disgusting sorta way. Walks over to student) What are you doing? Studying again? (Slowly student rises, walks downstage and sings):

Biology, Psychology, Are not for me
To understand the theory of the Function Z
For equations cast aspersions
'Gainst the mind of any person
So how the heck do you expect
To get anything from me.
As for ornithology entomology too
I'm acquainted with the birds and ants
That may be true.
But am I gonna fly up high or inhabit
the lowly earth
So how much is a fancy knowledge
really worth.
I'm educated to the brow
But yet I understand education's like
a charging cow.
It gets you in the end.
I don't know why I link together
Things like this
But here's one that the books of written
Theory miss
I'm anemic sick and weary
Of all books on the Freudian mind
So why the heck
Should I educate
Myself I find.

(Academy Award rushes in)

Jeep: How are you A.A.?

A.A.: Rotten. This light is killing my eyes.

Pete: If you'd stay out of the movies once in a while you wouldn't feel so badly about it.

A.A.: Skip it. I just dropped in to get something to eat.

Cousin: Who's he? Whoo?

A.A.: And Vice Versa?

Pete: He's my cousin. Meet A.A., that is Academy Award. We call him A.A. for short.

Cousin: Academy Award, what kind of name is that?

Jeep: That's a nickname. Real name's Oscar. (A.A. picks up crackers lying around).

A.A.: So long fellers. Gotta phnoor off to make a show (Exit).

(Gabby enters with fanfare and grocer.)

All: We eat . . . etc.

Grocer: Now wait a minute fellows. I gotta get money before I give up this food.

Jeep: But we gotta eat. After all a man isn't made out steel.

Gabby: Think of the great work you will be doing if you let us have the food. Building up American youth—giving them sustenance and nourishment—making them healthy and strong. Why we'll petition Congress to make a medal for you.

Grocer: You really mean it?

Slop: Of course! Your name will go down in history among the unhonored and unsung. You'll join the ranks of Benedict Arnold and John Quisling! Think of the honor Harry. Throw out your chest, pull in your stomach! You're a great man, Harry!

Grocer: Gee, I never thought of that.

Slop: And remember, no more mention of money. And don't forget the password—"For the Cause"!

Grocer: For the cause!

All: For the cause! (This is accompanied by an appropriate salute). (Exit).

All: Let's eat! (A slightly mad eating scene goes on now for several minutes. To appreciate it, one must have witnessed it).

Pete: Boy, I can face anything now.

Cousin: (gloatingly) Well, I'm glad to hear that. Now you won't mind what I have to tell you.

Pete: What's bothering you, Calamity Jane?

Cousin: Have I got some good news for you!

Pete: (holding Cousin by the ear) C'mon Sewerface, tell Poppa.

Cousin: Well, before I left home, I visited your father and he said he's going to drop in to see you any day now. (pregnant pause) I'm sure you'll want to have him talk things over with the registrar, and the bursar, and everything.

Pete: Why didn't you tell me that before, weaselpuss?

Cousin: I didn't think it was that important.

Gabby: What are you so excited about Pete?

Pete: What am I excited about? Do you know what this means? What's my father going to do when he finds out my money's gone, that I haven't been in class for months. Gosh I can't even think of it.

Gabby: Oh, don't let it worry you. We'll find some way to fix things.

Pete: Yeah, it's fine for you to talk. It's not your father who's coming. (picks up hat) This has been a tough day for me, boys. I'm going out to grab a fast movie. (Cousin starts leaving with him) Where do you think you're going, Piecrust?

Cousin: Your father told me to go wherever you go.

Pete: Well, c'mon, (sugar tone). We'll go to the movies. And on the way we pass the most beautiful cemetery. (Exit).

Slop: (Who has been reading newspaper, jumps up). How do you like this? Remember that bum Baxie Mare we bet on in the last Moe Klouis fight? Well listen to this. (Reads from paper). Baxie Mare, whose climb down the pugilistic ladder was aided by a 37 second KO at the hands of champion Moe Klouis, the Toledo Torpedo, last week, will receive thirteen thousand dollars as the loser's purse, for participating in the fracas. Rumours of a return engagement between the two have definitely been spiked by the announcement that Klouis will meet the up and coming Philly Flash, Horsey Paddock sometime next July. The report is going around that Klouis is running short of sparring partners, two more of whom landed in the mortuary today. All applicants for sparring partners positions will be interviewed today at Klouis' gym For those who feel that life is getting dull this is recommended as an excellent tonic.

Gabby: Boy, are we prize chumps. Bet our last cent on a guy who gets tired before he starts. So what does he get, what, $13,000 bucks. I'm going out to the toilet for a drink. (Opens door and dorm supervisor falls in. He has been listening at the keyhole.

DS: (Speaks with a super-English accent, and shakes his little beard). Could you please tell me if Percival Arlington Ginsburg lives here?

Jeep: (Laughing). What a handle, Percival Arlington Ginsburg. Did you get that fellus, Percival Arlington . . .

Gabby: What's so funny?

Jeep: What's so funny he asks. This guy asks for some one by the name of Percival Arl . . .

Gabby: Shut up! That's me.

Slop: Ha! So they finally found the skeleton in your closet, Perce.

Jeep: Say, who are you anyway?

DS: That's precisely what I wanted to tell you. But first I wanted to make sure of a few things. You are Percival and you I presume are Franklin Pierce Cohen.

Jeep: (Shaking his hand). And you are Dr. Livingston I presume.

DS: Enough of this levity! Are you or are you not Franklin?

Jeep: No, I'm not.
Slop: Of course he's not. That's me.
DS: Oh, good. Now then Percival and Franklin . . .
Gab and Slop: 1, 2, 3, 1, 5, . . .
Jeep: Moider!
Slop: Just a minute. Who are you?
DS: Oh, I neglected to tell you didn't I? I'm the new dormitory supervisor. (Jeep whistles).
Slop: The new dorm super, wow.
DS: Yes.
Gabby: Won't you sit down, sir. Have a cracker. Give the man a cigarette. Make yourself at home. (They break their necks trying to make him comfortable).
Slop: Is there anything else you want?
DS: That's just it, I want the rent. (Grab stuff away from him).
Gabby: What rent?
DS: According to the record (he pulls out a roll about 15 feet long) you haven't paid rent since living here. In fact you're not even registered as dormitory students. Luckily, I found a notation dated two and a half years ago that you were living down here. So here I am for the rent.
Gabby: And how much is the rent?
DS: Well since everything is so irregular I've decided to settle for a mere hundred dollars.
Jeep: A hundred dollars.
Slop: A *mere* hundred dollars. (Sweetly).
Gabby: Well you don't expect us to have that much money.
DS: No. I'll expect the money in two payments of $50 each. It shouldn't be too hard to raise the money between the two of you.
Slop: At times you can be so enchantingly naive.
Gabby: And what happens if we don't pay the rent?
DS: Then, I'm sorry to say, you'll be evicted.
Jeep: Then don't say it.
DS: I'm getting fed up. Are you or are you not going to pay the rent?
Slop: (To Gabby) Try something fast.
Gabby: But you can't take this room away from us. It's the only thing we have in the world. It's been . . .
All: A mother and father, a sister and a brother to us.
Gabby: What's closer than your father and your mother, your sister and your brother?
DS: Your underwear. (Gabby makes to slap Sloppy but realizes who made the crack).
Slop: Think fast, Mr. Moto.
Gabby: Very well then. I didn't want to bring this into our discussion but if I must I must.
Slop: Yes do.
Gabby: Do you know who he is? (Pointing to Slop). He's the chancellor's son.
Slop: Yes, the chancellor's son. What?
DS: Why I've never known that the chancellor had a son.
Jeep: Live and learn.
Gabby: If you had a son like that would you want to advertise it?
DS: Why this is fantastic. I know the chancellor has no son. I happen to be his nephew.
Gabby: The chancellor's nephew!
Jeep: So that's how you got the job of dormitory super. Politics!
Gabby: Yes. Politics!
Slop: Positively revolting!
Gabby: We'll spread this far and wide!
Slop: Everybody will know about this!
Jeep: Nepotism at Yeshiva!
Gabby: Oh the ghastliness of it all!
Slop: That I should live to see this day!
Jeep: The effrontery of it all.
DS: (Banging on table). Silence. Silence. Now I see it all. This is a hoax. You tried to play on my sympathies. Well it won't help in the least. Trying to make a fool of me.
Jeep: If at first you don't succeed . . .
DS: Enough! I was going to make it easy for you but now either I have that first payment within two days or out you go. And as for you, you, you, . . .
Jeep: Sir, you're repeating yourself.
DS: Oh remember in two days. (Flying out).
Slop: Boy what a mess. What a sweet mess.
Gabby: Yeah, we must get some money now, but fast.
Jeep: If you'll wait a minute I'll print you some.
Gabby: Ha ha.
Slop: Anyway it's spring now and the park benches are softening up.
Gabby: But where will we hang our mirrors?
Slop: If anybody else walks in through that door and asks for money I'll scream. (Pete and cousin return).
Pete: I just remembered I don't have any money to go to the movies. Can anyone lend me a quarter? (Slop screams). What's the matter with him?
Gabby: Nothing: Look Pete we're in a fix. The new dorm super was in here and told us we have to raise $50 in two days.
Pete: $50 in two days. What's he think this is?
Jeep: What's the difference what he thinks. We have to raise the dough.
Cousin: Why not use yeast. Hehaw. (Laugh dies as all turn and glare).
Slop: C'mon. Let's get some ideas on how to make some gelt.
Cousin: (Bursting out and gathering momentum). Run a raffle. That's a good idea. I usta to belong to a club and we needed money and we ran a raffle. (While talking he's picked up, put on bed and smothered effectively).
Jeep: Hey listen. I got an idea. You know the school is running a contest to see who can write the best marching song. I gotta song I wrote some time back. The contest is officially over but I know the chairman and he can fix it up for me. I'll send it in. It's like money in the bank.
Gabby: Yeah, just like.
Jeep: Well it's worth a try isn't it. All I need is fifty cents entrance fee.
Slop: Money, money, money. It's not only the root of all evil. It's the whole darn tree.
Gabby: That's only one possibility. We have to think up more ways.
Pete: I read somewheres that people sell their bodies to doctors so that when they die their corpses can be cut up. Ya know what I mean?
Slop: Yeah, yeah. Now all we need is a person whose body we can sell. (Voice dies out as idea hits him. Whirls suddenly on cousin who has crawled off bed and is standing in corner. Gabby, Slop, Jeep, Pete all turn around slowly and start towards cousin. Suddenly Pete yells).
Pete: Hey! After all, he's my cousin! (All turn back).
Slop: I guess it wasn't such a good idea.
Gabby: (Sitting down notices paper, jumps and yells). Boy I've got it. A pip of an idea! It can't fail! It's sure money! What a honey!
Slop: I'm against it. It's no good!
Gabby: What do you mean you're against it. You don't even know what it is.
Slop: I don't care what it is. Every time you get a swell idea I suffer in the end.
Gabby: Oh shut up and listen will ya? Remember this column you read before about Moe Klouis looking for sparring partners. All we have to do is to get a sparring partner for him.
Jeep: Sure, but where do we get a sparring partner. (Sloppy tries to sneak out but it's too late).

Gabby: (Announcing). Sloppy. Number one man on the P. S. 45 boxing team.

Slop: Uh, uh. Not me. I'm saving myself for Uncle Sam. I'm not gonna get my brains beat out.

Gabby: It's only practice. He can't kill you.

Cousin: And if he does we can sell your body to the doctors.

Slop: (Takes back swing at Cousin). Darn it, I'll kill your little . . .

Gabby: Come on Sloppy. If I could box I'd go. You can't let us down now. We're in a jam and we need the dough.

Pete: Look Sloppy I never asked you to do anything like this.

Slop: (Crying). But Pete . . .

Pete: This is the last time we'll ever ask you to do anything like this, Sloppy.

Slop: No, why should I . . . What'd you fellows ever do for me . . . I'm *not* gonna . . . I'm not *gonna* . . . O. K. I'll do it.

Cousin: You'll be sorry!

Pete: Shut up.

Gabby: Then it's settled. Jeep will get that song in and Sloppy will go down and get signed up as a sparring partner.

Slop: Darf men gein in collitch? When I came here I thought it was a swell place. (Sings: to the tune of "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking").

Pop told me "Son, education's great
For fun, life or job, or even to get you a mate;"
So I packed my bag and wiggled my thumb
Why, oh why, didn't I stay at home.

I had a home, three meals a day,
My home was in lovely Reading P.A.
I was doing fine until that unlucky day,
Why, oh why, etc.

I came to Heshiva in thirty-three,
T'was on a scholarship you see;
They said I'd get room and board free
Why, oh why, etc.

I got a room, they gave me the keys,
But the room was so small though they tried to please;
That when I had a cold, my neighbor would sneeze,
Why, oh why, etc.

The food, you ask, you see me scowl,
When I think of the food, boy I just growl;
For it was neither fish nor flesh—it was foul!
Why, oh why, etc.

When I was young, my teachers told me
First comes A, then B, then C;
But after eight years at Heshiva College
I'm convinced that first comes D!
Why, oh why, etc.

Pete: Gabby and I will go out and try to dig up some kinda work. Check?

All: (Ad lib). OK. (Shake hands all around. Bell rings. Student at table gets up, stretches, lights cigarette. Slowly walks across to exit).

Cousin: What's he doing now?

Slop: He's got a free period.

Pete: Well, let's go.

(Just then a knock on the door. Telephone man enters, looks about with his binoculars, picks up his hat, leaves his pants lying there, smiles, walks to the door, looks back and says:)

Tel. Man: I knew I forgot something!

(Slow curtain as audience falls)

ACT II

Scene: Same as before.

Time: Two days later.

At rise of curtain stage is empty except for student who is seated at table studying. Suddenly he gets up and sings:

At this very moment they're in a predicament,
For lack of the stuff that fills the U. S. mint,
Some call it filthy lucre and others lucky dough,
But I know:
They say you're sitting pretty with a pile of it in tow,
But when you need it most the things just up and go;
Some dame just robs it from you scientifically you know,
She hints let's go to the Astor or the Ritz and dine in style;
She glances at his bankroll and at the sight goes wild,
She knows that he's a sucker and she'll take him for a ride;
That's the reason for the conclusion,
I've resolved to the illusion,
That money's the root of all evil.

(After a few seconds have passed Sloppy comes in all bandaged up, looking like a corpse, and walking as if in a dream. He collapses on the bed. A few more seconds and Gabby and Jeep enter).

Gabby: Well, today is the day. Pretty soon that dorm super will be in here for the rent.

Jeep: How do we stand in the way of money?

Gabby: Well I didn't get any.

Jeep: I expected that. I mean from the other fellows.

Gabby: Your song didn't come through.

Jeep: Yet.

Gabby: O. K. yet. Pete couldn't raise any cash. I didn't see A. A. Everybody else is broke so I guess Sloppy is our only hope.

Jeep: Where is he?

Gabby: I don't know. He went down yesterday and got the job. At first they didn't want to give it to him but he talked his way into it. He started to yell that Moe Klouis was a bum and that he could lick him. And he also said that they were afraid to let him be the sparring partner because he would tear Klouis apart. At first they all laughed at him but you know how Sloppy can get on your nerves. In about ten minutes Klouis got so sore he told Sloppy to come down early today. So Sloppy left this morning and I haven't heard from him since.

Jeep: Oh, Oh. I'm beginning to get worried. (Gets up and starts walking around). If we don't hear from him soon . . . (Sees Sloppy on bed). Hey Gabby, don't look now but there's a mummy on your bed.

Gabby: (Jumps up). A mummy? Are you crazy? (Takes a look). How did that get there?

Jeep: Don't look at me. (They both go up to look at Sloppy. Gabby picks up a bandage and looks under it).

Gabby: Yipe, it's Sloppy.

Jeep: Sloppy? Is he alive?

Gabby: How do I know? (By this time all the bandages are off and they prop him up. His face is a mess with black eyes, adhesive tape, etc.). Sloppy, speak to me. Say something.

Sloppy: Opens mouth and lets out a long drawn out) OOOOHHHH.

Jeep: How do you feel?

Slop: Like a new born babe. What do you think?

Gabby: He's O.K. I can tell by the way he answers.

Slop: O.K. am I? Bleeding like a stuck pig. Probably a few bones broken, internal hemmorhages . . .

Gabby: Stop the sob story. Did you get any dough?

Slop: Did you hear that? The first thing he asks me is about money. He's not even interested in me. For four rounds I took the most brutal beating ever administered to man by man, the most fearful bludg . . .

Gabby: Did you get any money?

Slop: Yeah, forty dollars. We ought to hold the dorm supervisor off with this for a while. But any more ideas you get you can count me me out. Even at ten bucks a round it's not worth it. That's final. But how much did you fellows get?

Jeep: You know the answer.

Slop: I thought you said you were gonna get a job.

Gabby: Well you just can't get a job just like that.

Slop: But jobs for me you can get. (Enter Pete, excited).

Pete: Holy mackerel, am I in a pickle. Look at this note my cousin left. (Reads). "Got a telegram from your father who's coming in today. Went to the station to pick him up." He'll be here any minute. What am I gonna do?

Jeep: What's there to get excited about?

Pete: What's there to get excited about? Listen, I don't have a dorm. I didn't pay the bursar. I haven't been to class for God knows how long. My cousin is around to queer the works and he asks me what's there to get excited about.

Slop: Well, look. You can tell your father this is your dorm room. He doesn't have to know you don't attend class if you play it smart. And we can handle that cousin of yours—which will be a great pleasure.

Pete: But how about the bursar?

Slop: Oh, the bursar.

Pete: If only I had about fifty dollars to give him I could fix it up. You know, give him a good story and he'll cover up for you. He's not a bad egg. But I don't have the money.

Gabby: How much did you say you needed? (Looks at Slop).

Pete: Fifty bucks. (Gabby still looking at Slop).

Sloppy: Go on, give him the money. What's a quart of blood in my young life. Here, take another.

Gabby: (Giving Pete the money). Here's forty bucks. This oughta swing it. Fix it up with the bursar, beat it downstairs, meet your father when he comes in and bring him up here as if this were your room. We'll be a couple of your friends you asked to meet your old man.

Pete: Gee, thanks fellus. (Starts to leave in a hurry but stops just before leaving). One more thing. When my father gets here cut out the rough stuff and act like real studious college boys. And take my father's picture out of my valise and put it on the dresser.

All: O.K. Yeah. Sure. (Pete leaves).

Jeep: (Singing)

Isn't this a lovely day
To sleep out in the park?
Nobody bothers you they say
Once it gets dark. . . .

Gabby: Don't worry. We'll get out of it somehow.

Slop: Boy, isn't it a shame we're not boy scouts. What a good deed this would be.

Jeep: Easy come, easy go.

Slop: That second part is O.K. but where do you get that easy come business? (*A. A.* comes rushing in).

A. A.: Oh boy oh boy oh boy. Guess what happened? I was in the Odoron you know where they play Screeno 17 times a day and what do you think happened?

Sloppy: Don't tell me . . .

A. A.: Yep, I won.

Gabby: How much dough did you get?

A. A.: What kinda dough? They had twelve prizes and I was the 13th winner. I got a pass. Hey, got any food?

(Goes over to crackers on table). Crackers! Crackers! All I get is crackers! I've been living on these crackers for the past two days. Don't you fellows ever change your diet? Saw an educational short all about what to eat. Says you gotta vary your diet. Anybody got a cigarette? (Takes one). So long for now. Gotta nother show to make. (Runs out).

Slop: How do you like that? Twelve prizes and he's the 13th winner. Such are the adversities of life. Come on, we gotta figure out some way to raise money pronto.

Gabby: I'll practice up on wrestling and go out and become a wrestler's sparring partner. Come on Jeep.

(Starts wrestling in the middle of the stage).

Slop: Ha, ha, comedian. (Just then the door opens and in march Pete, cousin, and Pete's father). Yes, this is exactly the Dionysian dance performed in Greece over 2000 years ago. (The boys stop and notice Pete).

Jeep: Oh, hello.

Pete: Hello fellows. I want you to meet my father. That's Gab—Percy and this is Franklin, and that's Jeep.

Father: How do you do?

All: Hello. (ad lib)

Gabby: I hope we didn't frighten you when you came in but we were reconstructing an old Grecian dance which had been demonstrated at a recent lecture by one of our professors. (Cousin starts to laugh but is stopped rudely by a hand over his mouth.)

Pop: What was that, Abraham?

Abe: Oh, nothing. (Bell rings. Student gets up and starts to write on the board.)

Abe: What's he doing now?

Jeep: He's giving himself an exam.

Pop: What is all this?

Abe: (Blurts out before anyone can stop him). He didn't pay his tuition so he sits here as if he were in class.

Pop: What?

Slop: Your nephew is so gullible he believes everything he hears.

Abe: Then what's he been doing. . . . (Again the hand)

Pop: What's that Abraham?

Abe: (Looking around) Nothing. (Tries to edge closer to Pop but is pulled back)

Pop: Well well this is a very nice room. Large, plenty space to move around in. . . . (Door opens. Grocery man enters)

Grocery Man: I don't want to interrupt but I really need . . . Gabby, Sloppy, Jeep: (Saluting) For the cause!

Grocery Man: (Saluting) For the cause! (exits)

Pop: What was that?

Gabby: Oh that was a fire inspector. He comes around to see if everything is in order. That's our way of showing him that it is.

Abe: But he looked like. . . (Hand again)

Pop: What was that, Abraham?

Abe: Nothing.

Pop: Oh, I see my picture here. (Goes over to look at it)

Gabby: (In stage whisper to Pete) Could we touch the old man for some dough?

Pete: Nothing doing. I just got my allowance four days ago. We shot that on a baseball pool remember?

Gobby: Oh yeah.

Pop: Well do I remember when this picture was taken. But I don't suppose you want to hear my story.

Slop: But of course. We've already heard so much about you from Pete.

Pop: Have you now. That's very good of Pete. Perhaps some other time. Right now I want to see the bursar.

Pete: But we saw him before we came down

here.

Pop: So we did. I meant the registrar.

Pete: The registrar.

Pop: Yes. (Jeep whistles funeral march)

Pete: I don't think he's in right now.

Abe: Yes he is. I just ham. . . (hand again)

Pop: What was that Abraham?

Abe: Nothing.

Slop: We don't want to alarm you unduly but I think you should know that Abraham (he smiles sweetly putting arm around him with more than friendly pressure) has been suffering from a cold ever since yesterday and goes around coughing in this peculiar manner. I'm no doctor but I would suggest that he be sent to bed immediately.

Abe: I don't have a cold.

Jeep: You don't have to hide it from your uncle.

Abe: (Breaking away and running to his uncle's aid) I don't have a cold and I don't have to be sent to bed.

Pop: But Abraham. . . .

Abe: (Almost crying) I don't have a cold.

Pop: Very well. You don't have to go to bed but remember you mustn't get yourself worked up or you'll have another one of those attacks. (To others) Abraham is a very delicate child and his parents were rather worried about sending him to school away from home.

Pete: Don't worry. I'll take care of *him*.

Pop: And now for the registrar.

Pete: Wha' is there to see the registrar about?

Gabby: (Whispers to Sloppy) Go out and come back as the registrar.

Slop: What?

Pop: I just want to find out how you're doing.

Gabby: Go on.

Slop: O.K.

Pete: But can tell you how I'm making out.

Slop: If you'll excuse me for a moment I have to see someone.

Pop: Surely. Go right ahead.

Slop: (On way out crosses before Pete) Stall for time.

Pop: Well shall we go?

Pete: You wait right here. I'll go see if he's in.

Pop: But why go through all that extra bother. If he's not in you can show me all around the school.

Pete: But it'll only take a moment to see if he's in.

Pop: I'm beginning to think you don't want me to see him.

Pete: Who me? Whatever gave you that impression? If you want to go, I'm ready. (Looks despairing at the boys)

Gabby: Just a moment sir. If you can spare a while there's something you might be interested in.

Pop: What that?

Gabby: Well er er Jeep here you know is a song writer.

Pop: Really. How interesting.

Gabby: Oh yes. He writes all sorts of songs; don't you Jeep?

Jeep: Oh of course.

Pop: May I see your song? Well, I'd like to try singing it myself. You know I used to sing for the Metropolitan when I was young?

Pete: The Metropolitan Opera, father?

Pop: No. Metropolitan Life Insurance. (Sings)

Now you've heard all those songs about mother
A lady so sweet — so sublime
They've called her terrific
Sweet, charming—prolific
And anything else that will rhyme.

But no one sings about father,
He's always the also-ran;
No poems, odes or stories,
To tell of his glories,
He's the forgotten—forgotten—man!

But me, I've been thinking,
And this secret to you I'll impart;
He's the one that signs the checks, boys,
He's the one that's in my heart.

F—is for his friendly financing,
A—is for my allowance, may it grow;
T—is for the ten-spots so endearing,
H—is for "Hey, how's about some dough?"
E—is for his extravagance——
R—is for his roll—now running low,
Put them all together they spell father,
Who's hocked his soul for me and Morgenthau.

(Door flies open and in stalks Sloppy as the registrar; dressed in gown and cap and an absurd wig, wearing pince-nez glasses)

Slop: (In a bravura voice) How do you do, fellows?

Gabby: (the only one who realizes what's doing) Oh sir I'd like to have you meet our registrar. This is Pete's father.

Slop: How are you?

Pop: It's a pleasure to meet you.

Cousin: (Trying to follow) But that isn't. . .

(Gabby steps between him and the others and forces him back.)

Pop: What was that Abraham?

Abe: Nothing.

Jeep: That cough again.

Slop: So you are Pete's father. It is indeed fortunate that I have met you. Of course you must realize that it is not often that I ever walk into the boys' rooms. Dignity and all that you know. Brfsk, ahem! But those boys are different. In fact I often have intellectual discussions with them. They are all fine examples of the best of college students. But where is Franklin. He's the best of them all. Brfsk ahem, egag hrumph!

Pop: He is a very fine boy. He just stepped out for a minute.

Slop: Yes, yes, Give him my regards when he returns. But as I said I am glad I met you. I want to talk to you about Peter.

Pop: I was on my way up to your office about that very matter. How is Peter making out?

Slop: I regret having to say this but I am slightly disappointed in him. I was just glancing through his record and I found that he has three B's. Now for other students 3 B's and all the rest A's is extremely good but for a boy of Peter's abilities which I see he has inherited from his father, not so good. I see no reason why he shouldn't get all A's. I hope you will talk to him about it.

Pop: (Pleased but trying to hide it) Well now Peter what do you say. Will you try harder from now on?

Pete: Yes father.

Slop: Good, good, good. Lots of luck, Peter. (Slaps him on the back almost breaking him in two) Well I must leave you now. I am a very busy man and all that you know. (Starts to leave and sees Abe) Ah little Abraham. How's your cold today. Much better I hope. (Pinches his face but with a vengeance) Goodbye Bye, Bye. I must leave now. (Goes to door) It's been a pleasure to know you. I hope we meet again soon. Oh I almost forgot. Good day good day (Just as he is walking out he bumps into the D.S.) Bye.

D.S.: Good day. (Looks after him)

Pop: Nice chap that registrar.

D.S.: Registrar?

Gabby: (Tries to shove him out) Franklin isn't in now.

D.S.: You'll do just as well.

Gabby: (Still pushing) But I can't help you.

Pete: Shall we go father?

Pop: Just a moment. I'd like to see what's happening.

Abe: (Forgotten for the moment shouts triumphantly) That's the dormitory supervisor, uncle. (Jeep leaps at him but misses and falls into the bed.)

D.S.: So you are Pete's father?

Pop: Yes. And you are the dormitory supervisor. I was just remarking that my son's room is very nice.

D.S.: Your son's room? (Sloppy comes in as himself—takes in situation—steps in between D.S. and Pop) I just met the registrar outside. How do you like him? I hope he gave you a good report. In fact he must have because Pete is quite a fellow in his studies. I hope he told you how much he thinks of our group. We are the leaders of the school. Shall we go. I'm sure you want to be shown all the sights.

Pop: I do but . . .

Slop: Well let's go.

Pop: But first I'd like to speak a few words to the Dormitory Supervisor.

Slop: We'll stop off at his office on our way around.

Pop: But he's right here.

Slop: Where? (turns around as if seeing the D.S. for the first time) Why hello. I didn't even know you were here. Isn't that strange? You here and I didn't even . . . . (Door flies open and Groceryman comes in. Before he can say anything the boys snap to attention.

Boys: For the cause.

Groceryman: For the cause. (exits) (D.S. gets around to Pop.)

D.S.: Did I understand you to say that your son's room was very nice?

Pop: Yes I did. I think this is a fine room.

D.S.: This is a nice room.

Pop: Yes it is. I'm glad my son has it.

D.S.: Your son? You're Peter's father aren't you?

Pop: Yes, I am Peter's father.

D.S.: How can you be Peter's father and say you are glad that your son has this room?

Pop: (Flying completely off the handle) Is there a law against being Peter's father? Is there a law against Peter's father saying he is glad his son has such a nice room?

D.S.: No but . . but . .but . . but . .

Jeep: You sound like a motorboat, sir!

Gabby: Don't mind him sir. He has those fits occasionally. We're used to him. You really mustn't mind what he says. He's not responsible. (Jeeps closes Abe's mouth)

D.S.: (yelling at top of voice) This is not your son's room!

Gabby: See what I mean? (Slop motions to Jeep to get rid of the D.S.)

D.S.: This is preposterous.

Slop: If you'll come with us we'll show you something in our room. (He and Jeep grab hold of D.S. by each arm)

D.S.: (Completely berserk) Your room. His room. My son's room. Are you all crazy?

Gabby: A typical symptom. Thinks everybody is crazy. (Slop and Jeep throw out the still raving D.S. and follow).

Abe: I think you ought . . . (Pete gives him the hand)

Pop: Abraham that cold is really serious. I think you ought to go to bed. (A terrific crash is heard. Pop runs to door. Slop leans in)

Slop: It's O.K. I just dropped my lead pencil.

Pop: Oh. (Turns and Sloppy pulls out. Pop catches on and whirls around. Slop looks in again and smiles sickly and slams door.)

Pop: A very nice boy. Seems to be slightly eccentric though. By the way I haven't much time anymore. I've got to catch a tram back home. I'm a very busy man you know. I just grabbed a few hours to come down here to see how you and Abraham were doing

Gabby: I'm sorry to see you have to run away so soon. I can just think of all the fun we'd have if you stayed for a while.

Pop: Yes, I imagine it would be rather lively.

Gabby: You don't know the half of it brother. That is, we really would have kept things going.

Pop: I'm not opposed to a good time but I always maintain that if you burn the candles at both ends there comes a time when you must pay.

Gabby: Ain't it the truth. Fifty bucks a shot.

Pop: Yes, in a manner of speaking. Peter would you want to show me around the school.

Abe: Oh Peter doesn't have to go. I'll gladly show you around (this hopefully)

Pete: Don't be silly. I'll show my father around. Anyhow you have to go to bed.

(Slop enters and signifies everything is O.K.)

Slop: Here I am back again.

Pop: Hello. Which reminds me. Just who was that man who was in here?

Slop: Oh, he's an institution at Heshiva. He has delusions of grandeur. We always humor him. But this was the worst attack I've seen yet.

Pop: (Looks at watch) My. It's later than I realized. I won't be able to look around. Before I leave though I'd like to see your gymnasium. I was quite an athlete you know in my younger years of course.

Slop: Are you leaving so soon?

Pop: Yes I must hurry off. I'll see the gym and leave. I'll be back to say goodbye before I go. Come Peter. (Abe tries to go but is grabbed)

Gabby: You better stay here, Abraham. Your cold you know.

Abe: But:

Pop: Percival is right. You'd better stay here. I'll be back. (He and Pete leave)

Abe: Oh if I could only have five minutes alone with him.

Gabby: Listen you. This the first chance we've had to be alone with you. You almost caused the whole business to go haywire. We couldn't let you go with Pete because you might have said something wrong. But I'm telling you now if you ever open your mouth about this to anyone you won't have to worry about anything because you'll be dead. Got it?

Abe: Ye-e-ss.

Gabby: O.K. (to Slop) Now what gives with the D.S.?

Slop: Poor fellow. He accidentally tripped and fell down the stairs.

Gabby: Holy mackerel!

Slop: Take it easy. Jeep and I were the first ones to help him. We picked him up and carried him into a room and stretched him out on the bed and brought him to. It was such a touching scene. He finally said he wanted to be alone and rest up so I came back here but I left Jeep down there to warn us if he starts to come back.

Gabby: O.K. Well we took care of Pete's old man and everything is under control but where are we going to get money to pay the chancellor's nephew back?

Slop: We're in solid with the old boy. Maybe we can get to him for a touch?

Gabby: I asked Pete. He said nix.

Slop: Well that's that. I guess we better start to move out. We had the money too that's what makes it so tough.

(Pete and Pop come back)

Pop: That's a fine gym you have here. You should have seen what a hole we had when I went to

school.

Slop: Well, our hole is just painted that's all.

(Jeep comes in singing)

Jeep: The dorm super is coming. The super is comin'.

Slop: Oh Ooh. You'd better hurry if you want to catch your train.

Pop: (Looking at watch) Yes I must.

Pete: Come on father I'll go to the depot with you.

Pop: You needn't bother. I'm so pressed for time I'll have to take a taxi. Well goodbye. Take care of your cold, Abraham. Boys, I want to say that I've enjoyed my short visit - - - -

Pete: Father, time's a-wastin'.

Pop: So it is. By the way Abraham your father asked me to give you this fifteen dollars for extra expenses and I've given Peter ten dollars so you boys could go out and have a good time in my honor. Good bye. Peter write home regularly. Arovoir. Hoh hoh. French, you know.

All: Bye (ad lib)

Pete: Now all I have to worry about is getting a diploma.

Sloppy: Twenty five bucks. Now all we need is another twenty five.

Abe: What do you mean $25.

Slop: Your fifteen and Pete's ten.

Abe: It's my money and I want to keep it.

Gabby: Now Abraham is that the way to talk to your old friends, we're all in this together like a great big happy family. We share and share alike. Now be nice and give me the money before I bash your brains out.

Abe: (almost crying) But after all . . .

Jeep: Abraham.

Abe: All right here. (Gabby takes money)

Gabby: Come now smile, smile you little brat. That's better. Now let's shake and be good friends and remember what I told you before.

Pete: (handling over the money) Here's my ten.

Slop: $25. If we can only get (stops as door opens slowly—DS sticks head in and suddenly flings door open jumps in and looks around behind the door.)

Slop: Hello. How are you feeling? That was a nasty fall you took. I'm surprised you're still alive.

D. S.: After hearing you say that I'm surprised at the fact myself. However I didn't come here to bandy words. I'm here to collect the rent.

Gabby: Well the man who was here and said he he was glad his son had this room and you said whose son and he said what son and you said which son and you said . . .

D. S.: Now just a moment. I don't know who that gentleman—that creature—was and I haven't the slightest inclination to find out anymore about it.

Jeep: You seem to have an inclination on the stairs a while back.

D. S.: I'll thank you to keep your remarks to yourself. And now if you don't mind, the rent please.

Slop: The rent?!

D. S.: Yes, the rent. And though I make it a point never to mix business with pleasure I'm sure you will sympathize with me when I say that it will be a pleasure to give you the business.

Gabby: Now that is hardly cricket, old chap.

D. S.: Have you or have you not got the rent.

Gabby: How much does it amount to?

D. S.: I should like to collect one hundred dollars but I'll stick to my bargain and take fifty as first payment. Have you got it?

Slop: Well, yes and no.

D. S.: And pray what does that mean?

Gabby: Well you see it's this way. We have the money but we are waiting for a friend of ours to bring us the remainder.

D. S.: And who is this friend of yours?

Jeep: Anyone who brings us the money is our friend.

D. S.: I've had enough of this foolishness. Do you or do you not have the money?

Slop: Guilty with extenuating circumstances.

D. S.: And exactly what does that mean?

Gabby: We have in cash . . . (Door flies open and A. A. enters).

A. A.: Lightning has struck twice. Yes sir twice.

Sloppy: Don't tell me . . .

A. A.: Yep on the twelfth round.

Jeep: What's the good of another pass?

A. A.: Pass my eye. I hit the jackpot. Twenty five bucks.

Slop: The Lord looks after his own.

Gabby: Let's have it. And now Mr. Dorm Supervisor will you kindly draw up a receipt . . . (Door opens and in marches Songster)

Songster: Is Jeep here?

Jeep: Here I am.

Songster: I have a message for you. (Gives him (an envelope and sings: Congratulation to you . . . etc.)

Jeep: Hallelujah! Didn't I tell you like money in the bank? Listen to this. "It gives me great pleasure to inform you that your marching song has been chosen as the best marching song submitted in our Heshiva marching song contest. Enclosed please find our check for fifty dollars which was the prize offered. Yours for better music" . . . How's that?

Gabby: Make that receipt for a hundred dollars, sir. And get out of my life till next year.

Slop: Coises, foiled again.

(D. S. leaves in a huff with money. A shot is heard. D. S. leaps in.)

D. S.: That was only *my* lead pencil!

Songster: As a tribute to you we will now sing your winning marching song:

(All sing marching song:)

March on Heshiva, Valiant and Strong
Fight on to Victory, to you we sing this song;
Let's cheer them
Onward to victory, onward to fame
Win all your battles, Glory be thy name
Let's cheer them (repeat) . . .

(Everyone exits except Student. Suddenly he gets up, walks to front stage, and says:)

Student: Oh, the monotony of it all!

CURTAIN

(As cast comes on for curtain call, Telephone Man comes walking in. He walks to front stage and says:)

Tel. Man: Did-eh- anybody see my pants?

THE END

ADVERTISEMENTS

The Editor Gets A Bird's Eye View of It All

Once upon a time
In a temperate Northern clime,
An aged editor
Was very much in debt to his creditor.
Finally, things reached such a terribly awful stage
That, in a boiling rage,
The creditor announced that he would absolutely never give any more financial aid
To such a blade.
This made the editor very sad.
For this meant the end of the only means of support for his wife and roommates
That he had.
And he went around moping for many a day.
And once when he looked into a mirror he saw that his white locks were undeniably turning gray.
He seemed definitely at the end of his rope
And was on the point of committing suicide, when a little birdie hopped upon his shoulder, and in the fiercest of chirps, told the aged editor not to be such a dope!!
"But what shall I do," asked the aged editor in despair.
The little bird laughed and in a very fatherly manner tousled the aged editor's hair.
And then he very sagaciously informed him that he could get enough money to continue, and go on supporting his family, if he would only be wise
And advertise.

"How's that," asked the editor, not seeming to understand.
The little birdie chuckled again, and in a very motherly way, patted the aged editor's hand.
(You'll have to excuse the fact that the little birdie is here portrayed as being an epicene creature,
And if you don't know what that word means, look it up, but be sure not to ask the moguls in school, and thus run the risk of embarrassing your teacher.)
But to return to our little story.
The young bird expounded his wisdom to the old man in truly magnificent oratory,
And when he was through
The aged editor realized that all that was told to him was absolutely true.
So he took the clever little birdie's advice
And he went out and got a hold of some people, and explained the set-up, and they were very co-operative, and soon he had his paper running smoothly again, and all was lovely and nice.

The aged editor was wise enough to absolve himself of all responsibility concerning the validity of the claims made by the advertisers, because he didn't want to take the chance of willfully misrepresenting and thus involving himself with the community's journalistic laws
And, by a strange quirk of fate, our own editorial staff was wise enough to do the same thing, and thus made up in the eyes of many, for our magazine's innumerable flaws.
At all events, the system worked beautifully, and the aged editor was perfectly contented.
And that's how the idea of advertising first was invented.

Compliments of

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"With Compliments"

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